PEN TAMAR;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD MAID.

BY THE LATE

MRS. H. M. BOWDLER.

" The Old Maid is a sort of venomous animal; so wicked in its temper, and so mischievous in its disposition, that one is surprised that its very existence should be tolerated in civilised society."

HINDOO RAJAH, vol. ii. p. 25.

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PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

The publication of the following tale having been delayed at the time it was written, the author at length decided on deferring it during her life,—expressing a *wish* that it should finally be offered to the public; yet leaving that point to be determined by two of her confidential friends.

There cannot surely be any one in the very extensive circle of her acquaintance, to whom such a memorial of her amiable and pious mind will not be acceptable; and even those to whom she was personally unknown, can scarcely fail to derive gratification, as well as advantage, from the perusal of this work. The lessons inculcated are plain to every capacity, — the virtues described are attainable in every

station; and whilst the "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity" explain and enforce those "doctrines" and "duties," the excellent and lamented author has endeavoured, in this interesting little story, to delineate a character formed upon Christian principles, and to trace the progress of their influence from infancy to old age. She exemplified them in her own life — and her writings still bear testimony to their truth.

This tribute of esteem and respect is gratefully offered to her revered memory, by her affectionate friend,

THE EDITOR.

Exeter, July 17. 1830.

PREFACE

BY THE AUTHOR.

In offering this little tribute of affection and gratitude to my friends, I feel it necessary to observe that it was written during the winter of the year 1801; with a wish to induce authors of far superior talents to unite instruction with amusement in works of imagination. The writings of Mr. Godwin and others had spread jacobinical principles; and the horrors of the French Revolution, then fresh in my recollection, led me to choose a period in the English history which would give me an opportunity of bearing my humble testimony in favour of the plain and simple politics of the Gospel,—"Fear God, and honour the king."

Novels at that time were in general little calculated to improve the morals, or even the taste, of those by whom they were eagerly perused; and the world had not seen the masterly productions of the unknown genius of the North, nor the admirable lessons of Christian morality which have since appeared in the enchanting works of Mrs. Brunton. If Discipline had made me acquainted with Miss Mortimer, I never should have ventured to delineate the character of Matilda Heywood. The idea of placing the introductory chapter at the end of the book, might be supposed to be borrowed from Waverley, if Waverley had then been in existence; and the incident of the fire in Pen Tamar so strongly resembles a story in the Cottagers of Glenburnie, that it may appear to have been borrowed from that ingenious work; — but this little tale was written before the other was published, and it was never seen by my lamented friend Mrs. Hamilton. But while I endeavour to clear myself from the charge of plagiarism, I acknowledge that

the most interesting part of my little book is not the production of my imagination; for the principal circumstances mentioned in the two last chapters describe a scene which it is impossible I should ever forget. May it be fresh in my recollection in the awful hour which must *now* be near! May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

H. M. Bowdler.

Exeter, Dec. 21. 1819.





PEN TAMAR.

CHAPTER I.

"O Nature! how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!"

BEATTIE.

In the year 1681, on the beautiful banks of the river Tamar, which separates Cornwall from Devonshire, there stood an ancient mansion, surrounded by a fine estate, which was then the property of a younger branch of the respectable family of Trelawney.

Gentle reader, did you ever see the banks of the Tamar?—If not, take my advice; put a little money in your purse, and make the tour of Devonshire. It is a land

flowing with milk and honey;—flowing with the milk of human kindness. Every charm of nature, every improvement of art, may there be seen in perfection. When you have viewed the various beauties of Mount Edgecumbe, you will not wonder at the Spanish admiral, who claimed that enchanting spot as his reward after the expected conquest of England by the invincible armada. But, if you go from thence to the opposite shore, and examine the dock-yard, I trust your British spirit will feel no apprehension that *any* invader will ever gain that glorious prize, while our triumphant navy rules the ocean.

> "Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to herself do rest but true."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

When you have feasted your eyes with the wonders of nature, and with the finest efforts of human skill and industry, let me call your attention to the last and best of all God's works—the women. Every where charming, here they are peculiarly lovely. Never did I see such artless grace, such

enchanting modesty, such unaffected manners, as in the fair nymphs of Devon. It is certainly foreign to my subject to speak of *young* women; but I cannot help retaining a prejudice in their favour, which was contracted during my rustic education in the west, and which is not yet cured in the politer circles of the metropolis, where the annals of Doctors' Commons prove that vice, at least, has a perpetual spring, and lead us to suppose that the partiality expressed by our ancestors for the opening rose was an absurd prejudice.

Let us now leave Plymouth, and proceed through the Hamoaze, until, passing Saltash, we ascend through the fairest scenes that ever painter drew. Let us pass the ruins of Cotchele, surrounded by its noble woods, to the more romantic scenery near the Wear Head. Here Salvator Rosa should take the pencil from Claude, and paint rocks to which he alone could do justice. The Tamar, forming a little cascade, is here no longer navigable; but it still fertilises the most beautiful meads, and reflects the awful shapes of some of the boldest rocks, that Nature ever formed. Far from the crowd

and noise of a busy port, undisturbed even by the murmur of the waves, cut off by surrounding hills from any distant view, but enriched with beauties which leave the mind without a wish for more;—in this sequestered spot lived Sir William Trelawney.

It was in the month of May, and at an early hour of the morning, when this gentleman, accompanied by his only son, went out to visit some of his humble friends,

"And banquet on the blessings of the poor!"

And here again it may be necessary to observe, that, in those unenlightened times, Nature, as well as her fairest work, was supposed to be most charming when she was young: for the poets of those days speak in raptures of the beauties of spring, and particularly of the blooming month of May. Now, indeed, that month is voted to be winter. It is welcomed in full assemblies, and illuminated with wax candles. The song of the nightingale is only known by the ingenious imitations of Signor Rossignol; and the existence of lambs might be doubted, if our fine gentlemen and ladies did not sometimes see them roasted. Some

people, however, still believe that spring has charms, which would be admired if they were ever seen; and to them, perhaps, it may not appear incredible that Sir William Trelawney spent that season in the country, and walked out at six o'clock in the morning to visit his poor neighbours.

Though far advanced in life, he had still an uncommonly fine person: and what his face had lost in beauty, it had, perhaps, gained in expression; for "the gay conscience of a life well spent" was seen to animate every feature. His health was secured by temperance, his strength was preserved by active exertion, his eye sparkled with sense, and his smile was the genuine expression of benevolence. After receiving the blessings of two or three cottagers, to whom his presence gave more pleasure than his bounty, he was met by Mr. Rowley, who rented one of his farms, and had lately, by the assistance of his patron, fitted up a very pretty little residence, for which he had wished to find a good tenant. It would only hold a very small family, but it was thought that the unusual mildness of the climate might make it

desirable for an invalid; and as Sir William had few near neighbours, and this house was within an easy walk from his own, he was particularly desirous to see it respectably occupied.

After the usual morning greetings, not in the forms of polished life, but in the genuine language of kindness and gratitude, Rowley informed the knight (who had been for some days absent from Pen Tamar) that he had let his house. The news was received with much pleasure, with warm wishes that the agreement might be advantageous to his friend, and with an anxious enquiry who was the tenant. This question Rowley answered with evident embarrassment.

"Why, Sir William, I hope the lady will not be disagreeable to you."

"A lady, is it?"

"Yes sure, Sir, it is a lady; but I am sadly afraid she is an old maid."

"O, plague take them all, for a set of malicious, spiteful, mischief-making devils! What, is she very old?"

"Not very young, indeed."

"And as ugly as a witch?"

"Yes, sure, she is ugly enough. Her face is sadly disfigured; and she is very lame, and cannot walk upright."

"In the name of all that is mischievous, Rowley, what could induce you to let the house to such an old hag? Here is an end of all peace and quietness in the village. She will set all the neighbours together by the ears. She will pry into every hole and corner of the parish, and make mischief every where."

And now let me pause for a moment, and enquire what impression this extraordinary dialogue has made on those to whom my hero is at present only slightly known. May it not appear strange, that, after leading my readers to suppose this gentleman possessed of the most generous and benevolent feelings, I should bring him on the stage to act the part of a hasty, passionate, prejudiced man, using language which must at once create disgust in every candid bosom? In excuse for this apparent solecism, I might plead the example of the immortal Homer, whose hero makes his *entrée* in a passion, and expresses it in language which Mr. Pope was obliged to

polish, that the English reader might not suppose that "the watery goddess," his mother, was a fishwoman at Billingsgate; yet this hero, in the progress of the poem, displays so many great and amiable qualities, that it is evident the poet was not obliged to make him disagreeable at first sight, and only did it to heighten admiration by surprise. Such I hope may be the case with regard to Sir William Trelawney, if I am permitted to explain the reason of his *particular* aversion to old maids.

On this, and all other occasions, I beg leave to observe, that I think myself at full liberty to make as many digressions as I please, and to conduct my reader to the end of my story on the principles of modern gardening, by many turnings and windings, and perhaps for the same reason, viz.—that the walk may be a little the longer. Certain it is, that my story is so simple, and so short, that, without adopting this method, I could not possibly answer the expectations of my bookseller.

CHAP. II.

" And still, from morning's dawn to evening's close,
Some horrid purpose would her thoughts employ;
For never could her heart enjoy repose,
Nor e'er her restless spirit taste of joy,
Save when her cruel arts could others' peace destroy."
BOWDLER'S POEMS.

SIR William Trelawney was born in the year 1619, the only heir of a noble family; but the joy which his birth occasioned was soon changed into grief by the death of his lovely and amiable mother, which happened three days after her husband had attained the only blessing that seemed wanting to complete the happiness he enjoyed with her. This event was attended with still more dreadful consequences. Sir Henry Trelawney, whose mind was not of a firm texture, sunk under the pressure of this severe misfortune: the remainder of his life passed in listless indolence, or gloomy discontent. The sports of the field in the

morning, and the bottle in the evening, assisted to drive away thought; but the care of his family, the education of his son, and the management of all his affairs were placed in the hands of his sister; and he could not have made a worse choice. Disagreeable in her temper, repulsive in her manners, with a soul which seemed incapable of feeling one generous or liberal sentiment, this lady had passed through life, "unloving and unloved." Envious of all whose superior accomplishments enabled them to move in a higher sphere, her narrow mind was only employed in spreading scandal, and disturbing happiness which she was not formed to enjoy. To be young or beautiful, innocent or happy, was sufficient to awaken her dislike; and every art which low malice could invent was practised to weaken the power of those qualities over the minds of others.

Mrs. Rachel Trelawney was several years older than her brother, and had early gained such an ascendancy over his mind, that he never presumed to dispute her will, though her temper continually disturbed the peace of his family, and made her detested by

every individual in it. Teased with continual disputes, Sir Henry interposed as seldom as possible in the management of his own affairs; and not even the infant charms of his lovely boy were sufficient to awaken the sensibility which seemed to be buried in the grave of his wife: he appeared to consider the unfortunate child only as the cause of her death, not as the heir of her charms and her virtues. Neglected by his father, and tormented by his aunt, the little William was left to seek for comfort and instruction wherever he could find it. The darling of all the servants, he lived in the stable or the fields. The groom taught him to ride; the butler, who had been a serjeant in Sir Henry's regiment, taught him to march, and to handle his little stick like a soldier; and an honest housekeeper instructed him in more important points—she taught him to fear God, to be kind to the poor, and to bear with patience those mortifications which she could not prevent. The parish clerk was employed to teach him to read and write; and, fortunately for his little scholar, this man could do both extremely well. William

made the task easy by his attention, docility, and ardent desire of improvement, added to very strong powers of mind. At seven years of age, Mrs. Rachel desired that he might be sent to school, as the servants spoiled him, and she could not make him mind what she said. The charge was unjust, for he was gentleness personified; but the real meaning of it was, that she could not succeed in making him miserable: for his happy flow of spirits, and inexhaustible fund of good-humour, made him proof against all her arts of ingeniously tormenting, and nothing which she could possibly do could make him either angry or unhappy for more than five minutes. Sir Henry was seldom sober long enough to know what passed, and readily consented to his sister's proposal of sending the boy to school, but insisted on putting him under the care of his old friend, Mr. Heywood. The choice was a fortunate one for William, as it placed him in the hands of one of the worthiest of men, by whose care he became, in a few years, an excellent scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and a sincere Christian.





Under the tuition of this judicious instructor William continued, until, at an early age, though superior in learning to all his contemporaries, he was entered at the University of Oxford, where he spent some years in the studies which his excellent friend had first pointed out to him; and, at twenty years of age, he was generally allowed to be the finest and most promising young man in that seminary of learning. The distance from Devonshire furnished his aunt with a pretence for keeping him as much as possible from home; and the long vacations were spent in travelling over different parts of England, or in visiting some of the valuable friends whose affections he had gained at school, or at the university. The shorter vacations were usually spent at the house of Mr. Heywood, which was only a few miles distant from Oxford.

In the summer of the year 1640, Mr. Trelawney at last obtained permission to visit his father, after an absence of nearly three years; and, in spite of the stupid insensibility which frequent intoxication had produced in his mind, Sir Henry could not behold such a son without admiration

and delight. The image of his mother in person as well as in mind, beautiful in his form, graceful in his manners,—with the spirit and dignity of a man, William Trelawney had the gentleness and sensibility of a woman. When he saw Sir Henry burst into tears, as the first view of his figure recalled the image of a beloved wife, and the recollection of happier days, William forgot all his former neglect, and resolved to devote his life to promote the happiness of his father. He left his beloved books, to follow the hounds; and, though he detested the bottle, he submitted to witness its odious effects on Sir Henry, in order to lead him, by degrees, to more refined pleasures. In the charms of his conversation, the old gentleman sometimes forgot that the wine was placed out of his reach; and a walk in the fields, with his beloved son, awakened him to long-forgotten happiness.

There was another point which William laboured to gain with persevering industry, and in which he was at last successful. On his return to Pen Tamar, he was much hurt at seeing all the ancient hospitality of the place at an end. No neighbours or tenants

surrounded the cheerful board; no roast beef and plum-porridge at Christmas warmed and refreshed the poor. Mrs. Rachel, like a harpy, hovered over the table and drove away every guest. Her unfeeling avarice, and the indolence of her brother, had closed the gate, and it was seldom opened at the call of friendship or of charity. William endeavoured to prevail upon his father to go with him to visit the neighbouring cottagers, and to find pleasure in relieving their wants; and, in doing this, he showed no less knowledge of the human heart than regard to duty. No man is ever tired of life while employed in doing good. Even Mrs. Rachel would have found the beneficial effects of this receipt, if she could have been persuaded to try it; but, while Sir Henry found much of his long-lost happiness return in the train of his long-lost virtues, this unfeeling woman saw nothing but waste in his charities, and trouble in his hospitality. But this was not all. She saw in the increasing influence of his amiable son, the ruin of her own; and she determined to employ all her arts in order to break the lately-renewed friend-

ship. Young Trelawney gave her no reasonable cause of complaint; but, being incapable of flattery, and regarding her with the contempt she deserved, he could pay her only the cold civility which he thought due to his father's sister. She perceived his dislike, and determined to be revenged, but no opportunity presented itself during his stay in Devonshire. Sir Henry and his son parted with mutual regret and mutual affection. William went from Pen Tamar to visit his first and best friend, Mr. Heywood, and spent a few weeks at his house, before he returned to the university. But the virtues of this excellent young man could not secure him from the malice of his aunt; and an opportunity soon presented itself to gratify that malice, at the expense of the happiness of his future life.

CHAP. III.

"But love's true flower, before it springs,
Deep in the breast its fibres shoots,
And clasps the heart, and closely clings,
And fastens by a thousand roots;
Then bids its spreading branches climb,
And brave the chilling power of time."

A FEW days after Mr. Trelawney returned to Oxford, he wrote the following letter to his father:—

"Dear and ever-honoured Sir,

"Your kindness to me during the happy months that I spent at Pen Tamar, and all the letters which I have received from you since we parted, encourage me to hope that I may venture to open my heart to you, and to consider my father as my best and most indulgent friend. I need not tell you, my dear Sir, how much, even from childhood, I have loved Matilda Heywood. You have often laughed at what

you called a boyish passion, and told me that the world would cure it; but the world presents no object so perfect in my eyes, or so dear to my heart. Every day shows me new perfections in this lovely woman; and reason has gained strength only to confirm the choice of my heart. Never did I know a mind so formed to be loved, and loved for ever. Never did I know such steady principles, such noble sentiments, such pure and unaffected piety, adorned with beauty which might make even vice attractive, and manners which might make deformity pleasing. O my dearest father! I have no mother to plead my cause; but, by the dear remembrance of your long-lost angel, on my knees I entreat you, do not oppose my wishes! Nothing else in this world can ever make me happy. O do not forbid me to love her! You would perhaps wish for greater advantages of birth and fortune; but her family is ennobled by sense and virtue, and she has charms which would adorn a throne. I ask for no addition to my allowance. I could live with her in the poorest cottage, and should never wish for more. My dear

father, I will not deceive you in any thing; though my heart is for ever bound, my honour is free. My eyes alone have told her that I love. Mr. Heywood has forced me to write to you, by forbidding me to visit at the parsonage in future, without your approbation. I thought I might still have been happy in her friendship; but he says that it would be fatal to us both, and that he will never consent to any engagement formed without your permission. I have obeyed him: I have torn myself from my beloved Matilda; and from you I now expect my happiness or misery: but, whatever your determination may be, I am, and ever will be, my dear and honoured father,

"Your dutiful son,

"WILLIAM TRELAWNEY."

Unfortunately for poor William, the letters always arrived at Pen Tamar in the evening, when Sir Henry was seldom capable of reading or understanding them. He was sitting with his sister after supper, and had nearly emptied his second bottle, when the servant returned from Plymouth, and he saw the well-known hand of his son. He tried in

vain to read the letter, and then gave it to Mrs. Rachel to read aloud to him. This she did, in tones not exactly suited to the feelings which it was designed to awaken, and with the following comments:—

"A pretty story, truly! The heir of the Trelawneys of Pen Tamar to marry a country curate's daughter, without a shilling! A dirty, beggarly girl, who never can have had even the breeding of a gentlewoman! I hope, brother, you mean to cut this matter very short?"

"Why, to be sure, it would be a sad thing; but somehow, I say, it would be a pity to vex the boy."

"Ay, to be sure, that is just the old story. When I boxed his ears, and set him in a corner, at three years old, you took him out again, because pretty master must not be made to cry; and so he was spoiled from first to last, and now he is to ruin himself, and disgrace one of the first families in England, because you have not spirit enough to contradict him."

"Yes, I will, I tell you—I will contradict him; but what can I do?"



"Do!—Why you cannot well write to-night, and the butcher goes at six to-morrow; so you had better let me write for you, and I shall do it properly."

This point being settled with very little difficulty, and Sir Henry completely intoxicated and fast asleep, Mrs. Rachel composed the following tender epistle, which was (very properly) consigned to the care of the *butcher*, and sent off before the knight was awake in the morning:—

"Nephew William,

"You have made your poor father so miserable, that he cannot write to you with his own hand. Howsomever, this does not matter, as he has desired me to do it for him, and to tell you that if you dare to disgrace your family by such a beggarly marriage, he will never see you again, nor give you a single shilling. You must never see the face of the infamous girl who has seduced you, or never see his or mine. I am, if you behave so as to deserve it,

"Your loving aunt,

"RACHEL TRELAWNEY."

Ancient spinsters! when you have read this letter, and considered the feelings with which it was probably read by William Trelawney, though I do not pretend to excuse what is always inexcusable, may I not hope that my hero will not entirely forfeit your esteem, though truth obliges me to confirm the most objectionable part of his history, and honestly to confess, that, with the image of his aunt Rachel before his eyes, he did certainly say, "Plague take them all?"

William Trelawney's answer was as follows:—

"Madam,

"I know my father too well to believe that he ever saw the letter you have thought proper to write to me, or could possibly approve of its contents. Be pleased to tell him, with my most humble duty, that I shall receive his commands from his own hand, with the submission which is due to them; but I beg you to observe, that I will receive neither commands nor insults from any other.

"I am, &c.

"William Trelawney."

I need not repeat the comments which were made on this letter. They had their effect on Sir Henry; but he had had some hours of sober-waking thought; and of such comments, and such reflections, the following letter was the result:—

"My dearest William,

"I am much hurt and surprised that you should doubt the truth of what your aunt told you from me, and I am sorry you give me the painful task of repeating my resolution, never to consent to the imprudent marriage you propose to me. You have acted like a man of honour in not attempting to gain the affections of the poor girl; and you will, I trust, act as the representative of one of the first families in England, by determining to see her no more. To make this less painful to you, I desire you will immediately go to London, to the house of Mr. Hamilton, who will, according to the plan which I have already proposed to you, immediately attend you to France. I must deny myself the pleasure of seeing you before you go, for I cannot bear to see you unhappy; but in a few years you will

think as I do. Go to London, I charge you, immediately, and write to me from thence. I hope you will not be long absent; and may every blessing attend you!"

The feelings with which William Trelawney read this letter may be more easily imagined than described. He loved, as few hearts are capable of loving; all his hopes of happiness, all his prospects in life, were to be at once relinquished. He was sent to wander in an empty world: such it must be to him if Matilda were not there. But he was accustomed, on all occasions, to consider only what it was his duty to do. He was a son, and he had promised to obey his father. If misery must be the consequence, that misery he would endure. After a short time spent in unavailing sorrow, he rang for his servant, and gave the necessary orders for leaving Oxford in two days. The die was now cast, and virtue had prevailed. But must he not see his Matilda? must he never see her more? His father's orders on this point were positive; and a moment's reflection convinced him that he ought to spare

her and himself the pain of parting. But he might write to her. He did so.

"I must leave you, my Matilda, without one parting look! My father's commands must be obeyed; but, wherever I go, your image will be always present. Sweet and ever amiable friend! will you sometimes think of Trelawney, when oceans roll between us?"

His trembling hand could scarcely guide the pen; but he had just finished these few lines when Mr. Heywood entered the room. Business unexpectedly called him to Oxford, and friendship always led him to Trelawney. Never, indeed, was there a more seasonable visit. To him the unhappy young man told every thought, every feeling of his heart, sure of finding comfort in his tried friendship. Mr. Heywood confirmed his resolution to obey his father, with every argument which reason and religion could suggest; and he soothed his affliction, by pointing out the possibility that, at a more favourable period, he might still be happy.

"Though my family may appear con-

temptible to your aunt, believe me, my dear Trelawney, it has not been disgraced by vice, and I hope it will never be dishonoured by a base or an ungenerous action Dear as you are to my heart,—though I love and esteem you more than any man living,—though, if I were a prince, you are of all men the one with whom I should most wish to entrust the happiness of my only darling, yet I solemnly declare, that, while Sir Henry lives, she never shall be yours in opposition to his will. I believe you are incapable of asking, or Matilda of consenting, to a union which would bring dishonour on me, and ruin on you. All that remains then, my dearest William, is to go where duty leads. In these circumstances you must not see Matilda."

"I have written to her, my dear Sir. You will not refuse to give her this letter?"

"No, certainly: I will deliver it faithfully; and I will do all I can to support her under an affliction which I know she will deeply feel. Let me stay with you till you leave Oxford: I am not expected at home. Let me assist in the preparations for your journey, and endeavour to support your

spirits. I do not wish to see Matilda, till I can tell her that Sir Henry is obeyed,—that her friend has fulfilled his duty."

This evening, and the next, were spent in much interesting conversation. Mr. Heywood endeavoured to support the courage, while he soothed the feelings, of his friend. William declared his unalterable attachment to Matilda, and offered to bind himself, in any manner which would make such an engagement irrevocable, to offer her his hand whenever it should be at his own disposal, if he could not sooner obtain his father's consent; but every proposal of this kind was rejected by Mr. Heywood.

"Never will I consent to any engagement which may prevent your feeling yourself at full liberty, if you should change your present opinion."

"I believe, indeed, it is impossible that you should ever forget Matilda; but you may, perhaps, see more weight in your father's objections at some future time than you do now. But, if your heart remain unchanged, you want no oaths to bind you. If it should change, for the wealth of India I would not tie you by an

engagement which you might not then wish to fulfil. No, my dear Trelawney, poor as I am in every thing else, I possess in Matilda a treasure, which I would not bestow on a monarch if I did not believe that he would value it more than the brightest jewel in his crown. Go, then, my best of friends,—go, in obedience to your father, and may the blessing of Heaven attend you! Never lose sight of those principles which have hitherto preserved you from vice. Steadily pursue the path of virtue. A mind like yours will gain much improvement from travelling; and Mr. Hamilton will be every thing you can desire as a companion. Write to me often; and, when you think of Matilda, let it be as a charm against vice and folly. Let her image, ever placed before your eyes, lead you on in the path of duty: never will *she* lead you into any other path. Let her be the guide, the example,—and perhaps she may be the reward, of all those virtues by which alone you can deserve her!"

CHAP. IV.

"Still charm'd by hope's sweet music, on they fare,
And think they soon shall reach the blissful goal,
Where never more the sullen knell of care,
Departed friends, and sever'd loves, shall toll!"
BOWLES.

WILLIAM Trelawney left Oxford and Mr. Heywood the next morning, joined Mr. Hamilton in London, and, with feelings which I will not attempt to describe, began his tour on the Continent, after writing a few lines to his father, expressive of his duty and submission, and without complaint or murmur. Parental authority is now so much out of fashion, that this part of my story may perhaps appear unnatural; but those who are much acquainted with the history of the seventeenth century, and the letters which were then written, will allow that a very great change has taken place, since that period, in the ideas generally entertained of filial duty. Whether that

change is *advantageous*, I will not stay to enquire: it is certainly *great*.

Mr. Hamilton was a young clergyman, of excellent principles and pleasing manners; of great learning, and sincere piety. He had been tutor to Mr. Trelawney at Oxford, and (Mr. Heywood alone excepted) was the friend whom he most esteemed, and in whose society he had most pleasure. Sir Henry had engaged this gentleman to travel with him, and every thing had been previously arranged, with the consent of William, before he left Pen Tamar, though it was hastened by the imprudent confession of his attachment to Miss Heywood. This secret he had not had resolution to carry in his own bosom to the Continent. He had hoped that he might obtain leave to marry the lovely object of his choice; and many delightful plans had been laid in his fertile brain for enjoying with her the romantic scenes of Switzerland, or the admirable works of art in Italy. These gay dreams of bliss were over; and he began his travels with very different views, and accompanied only by Mr. Hamilton.

I will not oblige my readers to take the

tour of France and Italy. It is sufficient to say, that Mr. Trelawney made every possible advantage of those opportunities of improvement which travelling affords. During his absence, he wrote constantly to his father; but the few letters which he received in answer, though always kind, were very short and unsatisfactory, and seemed to show a mind much weakened and disordered. With Mr. Heywood he kept up a most interesting correspondence. From him he always received the best advice, in the language of the tenderest friendship; and Matilda often added a postscript to his letters, expressing esteem and affection with all the artless simplicity of their early friendship. Trelawney sent constant accounts of his travels to his excellent friend, mixed with many expressions of the most passionate fondness for Matilda, which seemed to increase in spite of time and distance. These letters Mr. Heywood did not always read to his daughter, though he never scrupled to express, in the strongest terms, his esteem and regard for the writer.

Early in the summer of the year 1642, Trelawney writes thus to Mr. Heywood:

"Such is the state of my country at present, that I cannot think it right to waste time which might be more usefully employed. I am too far off to judge of the sad scenes which are now acting in England; but I think it necessary to be better informed, and to take the part which duty requires: I have therefore written to request my father's permission for my immediate return to England."

Before this letter could be received by Mr. Heywood, he had written a very long one to Trelawney, which was sent by a gentleman of his acquaintance; as, in those sad times, it was important to find a *safe* conveyance for sentiments which might be misinterpreted, and which would probably offend one, if not both, of the contending parties who were then preparing to decide the contest by a civil war.

Trelawney had received no letters from England for several months; and the state of things there, which he learned from general report, made this appear the less extraordinary, though the more distressing. He was with Mr. Hamilton, at Florence, when two

letters were given to him, with compliments from a Mr. Waller, who had brought them from England, and was at a neighbouring inn. One of them was written by Mrs. Rachel Trelawney, and the other by Mr. Heywood. William eagerly opened the latter, which was very long; but finding in the first lines nothing to alarm him, and being suddenly struck with the idea that the other might perhaps contain bad news of his father, he hastily tore it open, and read the following words:—

"Nephew William,

"I never thought I should demean myself to write to you again, after the impertinent letter you sent me; but your father cannot do it himself, having got the gout in his hand, and he desires you will come home to take care of things in these troublesome times. It does not matter how soon you come now, as the curate and his daughter were drowned going to America; and I hope you will now be disposed to make up for the past, and marry somebody proper.

"I am your loving aunt,

"RACHEL TRELAWNEY."

"Good heaven!" cried Trelawney, "what can this mean?"

"What can it mean, indeed!" said Mr. Hamilton: "surely she cannot have invented this inhuman falsehood only to torment you."

"She is capable of any thing; but O that I were sure it was only invention!"

"You have a letter from Mr. Heywood: what is the date?"

Trelawney, trembling with eagerness, turned to the date. It was written about three months before that from Pen Tamar.

"Alas! my dear Hamilton, this cannot remove my fears—but read it yourself: I am incapable of doing it."

He threw himself into a chair, and burst into tears. Mr. Hamilton read as follows:—

"My best and dearest friend,

"It is long since I have ventured to address a letter to you, and though I wished to tell you that I and my Matilda were well, perhaps the less you hear of your poor country the better; nor should I now disturb the tranquillity which you, I hope,

enjoy in a happier land, if your honour were not dearer to me than your ease, and if I did not know the anxiety which you must feel for me and mine in times like the present. I write by a safe, though a very slow conveyance, and I avail myself of it to say what I could not venture to write by the post. The ruin of this dear and once happy country is now, I fear, inevitable. The King has been very ill-advised, but I have not a doubt that his intentions are upright and just. Alas! my dear William, redress of grievances is, I fear, only a pretence, and conceals a determination to change our glorious constitution in church and state—to introduce a republic, and to deluge the land with blood. They have at last taken up arms, and forced the King into a civil war; and the nobility and gentry are almost every where flocking to his standard. May Heaven support and bless him!—but I fear he is engaged in a very unequal contest. Little do they know the consequence who begin a war, of which, perhaps, none of us may see the end. I know your principles too well, my dear Trelawney, to doubt the part which you would

take in such a contest as the present. You have learned the plain and simple politics of the Gospel,—'Fear God, and honour the King.' You will support those liberties, and that religion, which our ancestors purchased with the blood, not of rebellion, but of martyrdom. In the opposite party are many who, I believe, wish well to their country; but I fear they are deceived by others of a very different description. Alas! they know not what they do, when they draw their sword against their king and their fellow-subjects! They will, perhaps, often wish to sheathe it again; but 'the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water'—the dyke is already removed, and the torrent threatens to overwhelm us all. You, my dearest William, are young: you are the representative of a noble family, always distinguished for loyalty: this is a time for a man to act, and I know you will act as a man of honour ought to do. I think you should return without delay. Your father, I grieve to tell you, is sadly changed, and I fear he will not long be in a state to take care of his affairs, or of himself. The degrading habit, which he has indulged more

than ever since you left him, certainly affects his understanding, and he is, I fear, sinking fast into idiotism. Such is the account I have received from a friend, on whose veracity I believe you may depend. It is thought that his sister encourages this fatal propensity, in order to be more completely mistress of every thing at Pen Tamar. Thus every motive, whether of a public or private nature, conspires to call you home. And now, my best friend, I must grieve your kind heart by mentioning my own situation. The present state of this country is dreadful; but I cannot help seeing that it will soon be worse. As a clergyman, I am precluded from taking an active part; and, as a clergyman, I am marked for persecution. I know what to expect from the tender mercies of these pretended saints; and I am already informed that none will be suffered to hold a cure of souls without taking the covenant, which no consideration on earth shall induce me to do. I hope I could bear the miseries of poverty, the horrors of a prison, or even death itself, if called to do so; but, for the sake of one who is dearer to me than my life, I think I ought to

shun the storm, while I can do it without forfeiting my honour, or neglecting my duty. I have no fears for myself; but, indeed, Trelawney, I tremble for my child. No place is now secure from the licentious insolence of the soldiers: even churches are no longer held sacred. I shudder at the idea of leaving my Matilda at the mercy of the brutal soldiery, whose want of order or discipline is such that it matters little whether they are friends or enemies. If I should be thrown into prison, or removed from her by death, I have not one relation in whose hands I could properly place her. I have resigned my curacy, and given up my school; and, except a few hundred pounds, the whole of my property was lent to a most dear and valuable friend, and secured on an estate in New England, which he purchased, and has cultivated with great success. As yet, the interest has been regularly received; but he fears, as I do, that our intercourse may be interrupted; and he has written to press me, in the kindest manner possible, to put myself and my daughter under his protection, until this tyranny be over-past."

"O Hamilton! this confirms it all."

"I hope not, my dear friend. Let me finish the letter."

"My dear girl could not, in case of my death, be more properly placed than with this worthy man and his wife."

"O, why not in these faithful arms!—I should be her only proper protector. But I left her,—I exposed her to insults, to poverty, to death!—But let me know the worst."

"The insults offered to some neighbouring clergymen have alarmed my Matilda: she fears for me, as I do for her, and wishes me to accept the safe asylum which friendship offers. We have therefore taken our passage in the Elizabeth, of Liverpool, and hope to sail in less than a week."

"Then all is lost!—But go on."

"It only remains, my Trelawney, to send you the prayers and blessings which flow from more than paternal tenderness. O, why are you not indeed my son!—But honour and duty forbid it, and they shall be obeyed. Farewell, then, dearest William. I will write to you as soon as we land in America, and I will direct to Pen Tamar, as I do not doubt your immediate return.

You will be exposed to more danger by land than we must encounter by sea; but the same kind Providence controls the raging of the waves, and the madness of the people. If we never meet again in this world, may we be for ever united in that blessed place where no enemy enters, and from whence no friend departs! — Once more, my best of friends, farewell!"

"But here are a few lines from Miss Heywood."

"Oh, give me the letter!"—Trembling and pale, he eagerly seized the paper: it contained these words:—

"We are going far from England, and from you, my dear William, to seek the peace which has left this wretched country. God grant that my dearest father may find it in America!—I think peace and happiness left our house with you. May they attend you, wherever you are! Farewell! Be happy; but do not quite forget your absent friends!"

CHAP. V.

—— "O Love! how seldom art thou found
Without annoyance in this earthly state!
For, haply, thou dost feed some rankling wound,
Or on thy youth pale poverty doth wait,
Till years on years heavy have roll'd away;
Or when thou most didst hope firm faith to see,
Thou meetest fickleness, estranged and cold;
Or, if some true and tender heart there be,
On which, through every change, thy soul might trust,
Death comes, with his fell dart, and strikes it to the dust."

Bowles.

Trelawney fixed his eyes on the paper, but neither moved nor spoke. Mr. Hamilton had too much sense and feeling to tease him by attempting to combat the violence of his emotions, in the first moments of grief; but, when they had been some time silent, he said,—"Perhaps, my dear Trelawney, we could obtain some information from Mr. Waller: he is an Oxfordshire man, and must have known Mr. Heywood. Shall I go to him?"

"O yes, yes, my kind friend! — I never thought of him."

"I would not awaken hopes, which I do not feel — but anything is better than suspense; and you seem to think it *possible* that your aunt may have said it only to distress you."

"Any thing is possible to a woman who could write such a letter as that; yet I fear it is too true. However, go to Mr. Waller: I will be composed — indeed I will."

Hamilton soon found the English traveller, and immediately explained the reason of his visit, and enquired what he knew of Mr. Heywood?

"Oh, he is lost!" cried Mr. Waller; "and that sweet angel, his daughter!—The ship was wrecked on the Scilly Islands."

"And is there no hope left?"

"None upon earth! — I saw one of the sailors, who had escaped by swimming, and got on shore, as did three or four others; but all the passengers were lost. The captain put them into a boat, but she could not weather the storm. A ship was in sight, and sent some men to her assistance: they were not ten yards from her when she sunk,

and every soul perished! The rough sailor shed tears when he told me of it, and talked of the beauty and sweet manners of Matilda."

Mr. Hamilton had now heard too much; and, after promising to call again the next day, he returned to his friend. Trelawney heard him slowly ascend the stairs; he stood eagerly watching the door, and when it opened, and he looked in his face,—"Oh! my dear Hamilton," said he, "if you could have brought me any comfort I know you would not have stayed so long."

Hamilton pressed his hand, and could not restrain the starting tear. "Then, you have no hope to give me; and I must never, never see her more?"

"Yes, in a happier world!"

Trelawney, falling on his knees, exclaimed,—"Father of mercies! teach me to submit to thy will, and make me worthy to be eternally united to my Matilda!"

Mr. Hamilton omitted nothing which could contribute to support and comfort his unhappy friend, under the most severe affliction which it was possible for him to feel; and Trelawney did not reject the

consolations of friendship and of religion. In well-regulated minds, guided by reason, and supported by faith, grief may be deeply felt, but it cannot be insupportable. Trelawney lived, and lived to be a useful and respectable member of society. By degrees, much of his natural cheerfulness returned. He acted his part in life with honour and dignity; and he enjoyed the blessing of an approving conscience, and the esteem of all who knew him. But though he bowed with humble resignation to the will of Heaven, he felt deeply, and he felt for ever: his Matilda was ever present to his memory, and the unrivalled mistress of his heart.

The information which Mr. Hamilton received from Mr. Waller of the state of affairs in England, determined Trelawney to go thither as soon as possible; and, after passing through France to Brest, he procured a vessel there, and landed at Plymouth in the autumn of the year 1642. Impatient to see his father, he and Mr. Hamilton procured horses, and immediately rode to Pen Tamar. Many and various were the emotions with which William revisited his

native country and his father's house; and it was not one of the least painful which was awakened by the certainty of finding there the only human being who was the object of his resentment and aversion. He had, however, promised Mr. Hamilton that he would keep his temper; and this was the only occasion on which he found it difficult to do so: for he possessed more than his share of that milk of human kindness which I have mentioned as the staple commodity of Devonshire.

When he entered the gate of the court before the house, he was immediately recognised by his old friend the groom, who, forgetting that there existed such distinctions as master and servant, caught him in his arms, and, with tears and blessings, bade him welcome to Pen Tamar. The first greetings being over, Mr. Trelawney enquired for his father.

"Ah, Master William! you will find a sad change there; though he was out before the door just now, and is pretty well to-day. But you had better see Mrs. Lucas before you go into the parlour."

"Where is my aunt?"

"What, Madam Rachel?—Oh, she is safe enough!"

"Safe! — What do you mean?"

"Why, she was buried last Thursday; and I hope that is the last trouble she can give us."

"Is she dead?"

"Yes, sure. You don't think we would bury her alive, do you? She is dead, sure enough; and if you choose to cry about it, you may; but it is more than any body else has done, except old Fop, the fat lap-dog, whom I mean to hang to-morrow—and then we shall be rid of all our troubles."

Trelawney certainly had no reason to cry on this occasion; but the emotions which it awakened were very different from the levity with which poor Joseph told his tale. He felt, what I hope every Christian feels, when the person by whom he has been most cruelly injured is called to answer for all offences before a higher tribunal; and, for the time at least, aversion and resentment gave place to pity.

Silent and pensive he entered the house, where a much severer shock awaited him, when, disengaging himself from a crowd of

happy servants, by whom he was almost adored, he entered the apartment of his father. Sir Henry knew him; but his joy was only expressed by a vacant laugh, soon succeeded by a flood of tears. He was reduced to a state of almost total imbecility, in which childish play, or stupid insensibility, were only exchanged for occasional fits of ungovernable rage. I do not wish to dwell on the most melancholy spectacle which can possibly be seen in the sad variety of human woe, — a rational and accountable being, formed in the image of God, and originally destined to rise, by virtue, to angelic perfection and immortal bliss — such a being, sunk by intemperance below the level of the brutes that perish!

Mr. Trelawney, with the assistance of Mr. Hamilton, endeavoured to settle a plan to make what remained of this wretched existence as easy as possible. He knew he could depend on Mrs. Lucas, who was sincerely attached to her old master, to whom she was the best and tenderest of nurses. Mr. Hamilton consented to reside at Pen Tamar, and to his care William committed all his affairs, during the time that he must

himself be engaged in more active duties. If any interval of reason should render his presence desirable, Mr. Hamilton was to inform him of it, and to watch for every opportunity of administering comfort to the poor sufferer; and with this excellent friend William knew that he might entrust the care of all his concerns, if the circumstances of the times should keep him long away. Such was his attention to the wants and wishes of all with whom he was connected, that all had reason to rejoice at his return to England. Even old Fop was rescued from the cord, and placed in the care of a poor woman, who was so well paid for his maintenance that it was her interest to bear all his ill-humours, and to let him growl on as long as he could.

CHAP. VI.

"In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not die with the brave?"

BURNS.

MR. Trelawney's attention was now called to more important concerns. He found his country plunged in all the miseries of civil war. He was, by principle, strongly attached to the royal cause, and determined to exert all his powers in defence of his king, and of the ancient constitution in church and state; and he was called to take an immediate and important part in the exertions then making for that purpose. An army was at that time forming in the west of England, under leaders whom every man of honour must have been proud to follow; and Trelawney, with as many of his servants and tenants as were fit to bear arms, immediately joined the standard of Sir

Beville Granville and Sir Ralph Hopton. The heroic actions performed by the army under the command of these great and good men, are too well known to make it necessary for me to repeat them. Trelawney shared in all their toils, and in all their glory. His courage placed him foremost in every engagement: his humanity made him the protector of the vanquished. Ever ready at the call of duty, no officer was more active in every enterprise, however dangerous; but always desirous to lessen the horrors of war, none was more attentive to every claim of justice or humanity. It might be said of him, as of one of his countrymen in our own times,—

> "The proud oppressor felt his sword,
> The vanquish'd bless'd his shield."*

The celebrated battle of Lansdown raised the fame of the western army to the highest point; but it was dearly purchased by the loss of their heroic leader, the brave and accomplished Sir Beville Granville. Tre-

* General Simcoe. See Poems by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall.

lawney fought by his side, and had a distinguished share in the glorious victory obtained by his troops on that memorable day. His conduct on that occasion procured him the honour of knighthood, with the thanks of his unfortunate sovereign, to whom he carried the account of the battle.

The courage and virtue of Sir Beville Granville survived in his friend, Sir Ralph Hopton, with whom Trelawney shared the glories of a campaign which equalled all that we read of Greek or Roman valour.

> "There ends thy glory!—There the fates untwine
> The last black remnant of so bright a line!"

In the fatal engagement near Alresford, in which the western army was entirely defeated, a random shot brought Trelawney to the ground, and he was seized and carried a prisoner to London.

The wound was not dangerous; but often had the unfortunate captive too much reason to wish that it had been so! They who are not well acquainted with the spirit of those unhappy times can form but a very faint idea of imprisonment, in the hands of the pretended champions of liberty. Tre-

lawney was one of eighty gentlemen who were confined in the hold of a ship, where they could not stand upright, and were not allowed even straw to rest their weary and perhaps wounded limbs. From thence he was conveyed to a dungeon under the Tower, secluded from the company of all mankind, except a stern unfeeling gaoler, who not only kept him from any intercourse with his friends, but denied him the use of pen and ink, and, for many months, deprived his prisoner, not only of all the pleasures of life, but almost of what was necessary to support it.* Through all these trials his firmness was unshaken, and his health continued uninjured.

To us, who live in happier times, such cruelties may perhaps appear incredible; but I beg leave to refer the reader to the works quoted below, if he would wish to form a just idea of the horrors of civil war.†

* See the Life of Dr. Barwick, p. 125.

† See Whitelocke's Memorials of the English Affairs, p. 417. Also see the Life of Dr. Barwick; Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy; and the History of the Rebellion, by Lord Clarendon. The noble historian mentions particularly a gentleman of the name of Trelawney,

When he has considered the facts which are there related, he will, I hope, be disposed to attend to the reflections which they suggested in the upright mind of the judicious Whitelocke: —

"This may be sufficient argument, that there is neither safety nor discretion, for any one who can avoid it, to engage in matters of this nature. We, who were engaged in those before mentioned, were unexperienced in these things, and in the consequences of them; slipped into them by degrees, and before many of us were aware of them; and being once in, were, by little and little, plunged further in, and knew not how to get out again. But those who have the examples and warnings of the age preceding, and have in part known, and heard their fathers relate, the deep miseries and calamities of the civil war in their days, and to both parties, will be inexcusable if they ever engage in such affairs: and may they never see again those sad days which have been in these times!"

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who was suffered to die in prison for want of food: vol. i. p. 349. folio.

Such were the sentiments of this wise and good man (for such he appears to have been), at the close of a rebellion of which he had been an active and zealous promoter; and to these sentiments may every honest Briton say, Amen!

My history presents only a dismal blank till the year 1651. Through the whole of this long period, liberty could only be procured on conditions to which Trelawney would never submit. He was often threatened with the fate of many of the most exalted characters in the nation, and lived in constant expectation of a public trial and execution. He was prepared to meet the utmost malice of his enemies with the firmness of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian. He had fought like Capel and Montrose; and he would have died like them, had he been called to do so. He had, indeed, little attachment to life, and all his hopes of happiness were fixed on a better world.

After nearly two years spent in the Tower, Trelawney, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, was removed to a more comfortable apartment, and allowed to receive letters,

under the inspection of the governor; and he then learned, from his faithful Hamilton, that his father's sufferings were ended by death. The hardships of his confinement were gradually lessened. He was allowed the use of books, and he was afterwards removed into the country, and obtained leave to walk a little in the air; but it was not until after the defeat at Worcester, and the young King's escape to the Continent, at the latter end of the year 1651, that Trelawney recovered his liberty, without any humiliating conditions, and returned to take possession of the estate of his late father, at Pen Tamar.

The war was now at an end; and the power of the Protector appeared to be too firmly established to be shaken. Nothing, therefore, remained to be done by an individual, but to lessen, as much as possible, the sufferings of those whom he could no longer hope to rescue from tyranny and oppression. It is impossible to describe the joy with which Sir William Trelawney was received by all his friends and dependants. His fortune had been less injured than that of most royalists in the late scene

of confusion, and Mr. Hamilton had been a most faithful and attentive steward. By his assistance, all was put on the best possible footing. Pen Tamar was once more the seat of hospitality and charity, and a large estate was spent in the noblest exertions of beneficence. In such employments, joined to the pleasures of friendship, and the delight afforded by his lately recovered books, Sir William's natural cheerfulness returned; and he was again, what Providence intended him to be, the delight and admiration of all who knew him. In the spring of the year 1652, he married Lady Mary D——, daughter of the unfortunate Earl of ——, who had lost his fortune and his life in the late unhappy contest.

Formed for domestic happiness, Sir William wished for a companion and a friend. To Lady Mary he had told the secret of his heart; and she accepted his hand, and consented to an union formed by friendship and esteem, though he confessed that he could love but once as he had loved—nay, as he still loved, Matilda Heywood. The patience with which Lady Mary had listened to his tale of sorrow, when he led her to a

favourite grove which was sacred to the memory of his Matilda, had perhaps contributed to fix his choice more than any other circumstance. Lady Mary Trelawney was pleasing in person and manners, gentle in her disposition, and unexceptionable in her conduct. Her connections were highly respectable, and the misfortunes of her family made her appear more interesting in the eyes of Sir William than she would have done in a more prosperous situation. She had not brilliant talents, nor acute feelings; but a constant wish to please, and a conduct always regulated by the strictest principles of religion, secured the esteem of her husband, and their domestic happiness met with no interruption except from the loss of several children, who were successively the objects of their hope. It was not until the year 1667, that Sir William became the happy father of a very fine boy, whom he named Henry, and who lived to be the comfort and support of his declining years.

When the death of Cromwell revived the hopes of the royalists, Sir William Trelawney took an active part in the busy scenes which

followed, and which led to the restoration of King Charles the Second. The joy occasioned by that event can be described only by those who had seen and felt the misery which preceded it, during twenty years of anarchy and distraction, of civil war, and military tyranny. Let me be permitted to borrow the language of two of these sufferers, in describing this great and unexpected change:—

"Oh! with what acclamations of joy did the city of London then triumph!" says Dr. Barwick, on occasion of General Monk's declaration against the long parliament; "how hardly did she contain herself through excess of gladness, seeing all things at length in safety, or assuredly hoping they would be, when now,—immediately after the city gates and portcullises were broken down, the citizens thrown into prison, and tyranny ravaging with cruelty and haughtiness through all her streets,—by an unexpected message of glad tidings, she was ordered again to be free! O that joyful and festive night,—for we who saw it and bore a part in that exultation, great as the calamities we had lately been partakers of, cannot but

remember it with pleasure,—when the soldiers and citizens congratulated each other that the yoke they had groaned under (alas! too long) was now at length happily shaken off; when the most agreeable name of liberty, now for many years obsolete, was every where echoed through the streets; when, lastly, the obsequies of the late tyranny were celebrated with bonfires, illuminating all the city as with a long-wished-for funeral pile!" *

Permit me to add an account of the great event which followed, extracted from the manuscript Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe:—

"The King embarked about four of the clock, the shore being crowded with people, and shouts from all quarters of a good voyage, which was seconded by many volleys of shot. So favourable was the wind, that the wherries went from ship to ship to visit their friends all night long. But who can sufficiently express the joy and gallantry of that voyage! To see so many great ships, the best in the world,—to hear the trumpets and all other music,—to see near an hundred brave

* See the Life of Dr. Barwick, p. 253.

vessels sail before the wind, with their flags and streamers: the neatness of the ships, the strength and jollity of the mariners, the gallantry of the commanders, but, above all, the glorious majesty of the King, and his two brothers, was beyond men's expectation and expression. The sea was calm, the moon shone at full, and the sun suffered not a cloud to hinder his prospect of this best sight; by whose light, and the merciful bounty of God, the King was safely set on shore at Dover in Kent. So great were the acclamations and the numbers of the people, that they reached from Dover to Whitehall."

No man more sincerely shared in the general joy than Sir William Trelawney; and, in the hope of being useful to his king and country, he willingly relinquished the tranquil enjoyments of Pen Tamar, and accepted a seat in parliament, and an office in the new administration. * He expected, as almost every one then did, another golden age, under a king formed in the school of adversity, who, it was hoped, would inherit the piety and virtue of his father, with the advantage of superior abilities and un-

bounded popularity; and who professed to be guided by the advice of one of the most virtuous and truly patriotic ministers who had ever been entrusted with the reins of government. How soon all these hopes were blasted, it is the business of the historian to relate. I will only say, that Trelawney resigned his office after the fall and banishment of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, to whom he was particularly attached; and, after many ineffectual struggles in parliament, against the tide of vice and corruption which, beginning from the throne, threatened destruction to the nation, grieved and disappointed at his ill success, he once more retired to Pen Tamar.

The remainder of his life affords no events until the death of his lady in the year 1679; which was sincerely lamented by Sir William, though it was considered by Mr. Hamilton (then rector of Pen Tamar), and by the rest of his friends, as a happy release for both; her sufferings having been great for some years before her death, and his attention and tender care seeming likely to injure his health. It was about half a year after this event, that Sir William's

meeting with Rowley produced the conversation which I have interrupted to give this account of his life, but which I will now resume.

CHAP. VII.

" This is the place, the centre of the grove:
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown."

Tragedy of Douglas.

" Pray, Rowley," said Sir William, "what may be the name of this blessed tenant of yours?"

" Why, Sir, the maid called her Mrs. Johnson; and I thought sure enough she was a widow, for she seems a very quiet civil lady—not at all like Madam Rachel."

" No, Heaven forbid!"

" I have not forgot her, Sir, no more than your honour. But, as I was saying, this lady seemed too quiet for an old maid; but Mrs. Hannah says she is; and it can't be helped now, for I have let the house to her. Howsomever, she cannot visit your honour,

if you don't go to her; so I hope I have done no great harm. But, to say the truth, I came a begging for her just now."

"Begging! I think she will get into my house fast enough, if she sends you a begging already."

"Bless your heart, Sir, no, no! She did not send me; but she is very ill, and had a mind for a new-laid egg this morning. She sent to ask me where she might buy one; and as I knew of none, except your honour's, nearer than farmer Jones's, I made bold to ask if you would give her one."

"O surely, with all my heart. But is she ill, Rowley?"

"Yes, sure, she is, and very ill too. She is so thin, that her bones are ready to come through; and she can't eat a bit of meat: nothing but milk, and garden-stuff, and such like."

"Indeed! Then perhaps she would like some strawberries, and there are none ripe yet except in my garden. My dear Harry, run and tell the gardener to gather all the strawberries that are ripe, and to cut a pretty dish of asparagus; and ask Sally for a couple

of new-laid eggs, and let them be put in a basket directly for Mr. Rowley."

"Ay, that's just like your honour! Now you know she is sick, you forget Madam Rachel."

"No, my dear Rowley; I would do more than this for Madam Rachel herself, if she were alive and wanted my assistance. Common humanity requires it; and, indeed, I am ashamed of the warmth with which I expressed myself in regard to this poor sick lady, who may be very different from my aunt, though she *is* an old maid."

"Indeed, Sir William, I believe she *is* very different; for Mrs. Hannah nurses her night and day, and seems to love her as if she was her mother; and she cried so this morning, that it went to my heart to see her, and said she should lose the best friend that ever she had in her life. Now, I remember, when Madam Rachel died, Joseph said he would give a ball, and we should all have squab pies and cider, and drink to her good journey. Indeed Mrs. Lucas told him it was very wicked to talk so, for we were all sinners, and she hoped Madam Rachel was gone to heaven; but all the men laughed,

and Sally said, she hoped she would be better tempered before she got there, or there would be no comfort for any body: and then they all laughed again, and Mrs. Lucas could not stop them."

"Well, Heaven forgive her!—I wish to think of her as little as I can. Pray, Rowley, does this Mrs. Johnson seem to be in good circumstances?"

"No, sure, Sir; she hardly allows herself necessaries; and yet, though she has been but a few days in the village, she has done a power of good. She stayed in a little room at the Chequers, until she took my house; and I find she works all day for the poor, while Mrs. Hannah reads to her, for she can hardly see to read herself; but she makes coarse shirts and shifts, and knits nice warm stockings, which she gives away to the poor people; and she speaks so kind to them, that they say it does them more good than the clothes."

"Does she walk out at all, then?"

"A little way, Sir; but she walks with a crutch, for she is sadly lame, and she leans on Mrs. Hannah besides. She is sadly distressed at the distance from church, and

said it was impossible she could ever get there; and she was very sorry that Mr. Hamilton was gone to his poor dying sister, and wanted sadly to see him, and said she was sure he would be so good as to read prayers to her at home."

"O! but, Rowley, give my respects, and tell her the coach shall be at her command to-morrow, and every Sunday, if she pleases. Harry and I can walk."

"Indeed, Sir, I believe this will do her more good than the new-laid egg or the strawberries. So I may give your honour's respects to her?"

"Yes, to be sure: I cannot send the coach without a civil message."

"But you won't let me say that you will call on her?"

"No, not I—I hate old maids. Probably she would not wish it, as she is so ill."

"Why, Sir, I don't know how it is, but somehow I think she wants to see your honour, for she asks a power of questions about you."

"Ay, there it is now—just as I told you, she must know all the gossip of the parish, because she has nothing else to think of."

"No, I cannot say that either. She has never asked about anybody but parson Hamilton and you, and not at all about your servants; but she has asked every day whether you were returned, and if you had good health, and if you did not do a deal of good; and she asked about Master Harry, and if he was like you, and whether I could remember you a boy, and whether Master Harry would ever walk by her house that she might see him, and whether you did not always go to church; and when she found she could not go there she cried sadly."

"Indeed! Well, Rowley, walk in for five minutes, and take your basket, and tell Mrs. Johnson that I beg she will command whatever my garden affords. Good morning to you, honest Rowley, I must go home to breakfast."

"God for ever bless your honour!"

Sir William sat done to breakfast at the usual hour, but not with his usual cheerfulness. Even his darling Harry failed in his endeavours to amuse him. He was absent and thoughtful. When breakfast was over he took a book; but his imagination wandered to the cottage, and the poor sick lady.

Why did he speak of her in such harsh terms? It was illiberal,—it was cruel. She seemed to be religious, charitable, gentle;—she was old, sick, poor. He might, perhaps, procure for her many comforts which her little fortune would not purchase. It would be kind to visit her once, at least, and *see* whether she was as disagreeable as his aunt Rachel. Yet, perhaps, she was too ill to wish it at present. Suppose he was to send Harry, and offer her the use of his library. She need not see the boy unless she liked it.

This idea pleased him, and he wrote the following note:—

"Sir William Trelawney sends the catalogue of his books, and begs that Mrs. Johnson will do him the honour to command any of them that may be agreeable to her."

This he thought would do; and Harry was despatched with the note and the catalogue, which he was directed to give to Mrs. Hannah, but not to go in unless he was particularly invited.

When he was gone, Sir William again tried to read, but it would not do; and, after

some unsuccessful attempts, he determined to take a walk to his Matilda's grove. Harry would return that way, as it was just above Mrs. Johnson's house, and there he could not miss him. In that grove Sir William sought for comfort in all his sorrows, and there he always found it. The image of Matilda always met him there — the messenger of peace, and hope, and joy! There she seemed to call him to a happier world, to tell him that she would be his for ever; that they should soon meet, to part no more! He threw himself on his favourite bench under the great oak—he read her last letter—he took from his finger a ring, in which was a lock of her hair, which she had given him in the sweet confidence of early friendship: he gazed on it for a moment, pressed the ring to his lips, and burst into tears. Here he was secure from interruption, and he indulged his feelings without restraint. After some time thus spent, he sprung from his seat, and recollecting that his boy must soon return, he dried his eyes, and walked to a root-house, in which he had placed an inscription to the memory of his long-lost love. As he approached to read

it, he saw written below the lines, "Matilda lives!" He started, trembled, and hardly could believe his eyes. The words were written with a pencil, but they could not be mistaken—"Matilda lives."

"She lives!" cried he,—"impossible! What cruel hand could thus sport with my distress?" He stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the paper, when Harry came softly behind him, and touched his arm. Sir William started, with a degree of agitation which alarmed the boy, who asked, with trembling eagerness, if he was ill. His gentle voice immediately restored his father to his senses: he tried to smile; and having quieted his fears, endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked if he had delivered the note.

"Yes, indeed, Sir; but it is all very odd."

"What is odd, my dear boy?"

"Why, Sir, I gave the note and the catalogue to the maid, and waited at the door; and after some time the maid came back, and said she should be sorry to distress me, but her lady begged to see me. I did not know why this was to distress *me*, but I am sure it distressed *her*; for the moment she saw me, she threw her arms about my neck,

and cried so as I never saw any body cry before; and she tried to speak again and again, but she could not get out a word; and at last she took a letter, ready sealed, out of a drawer in the table, and gave it to me, and begged I would give it to my father. Then she said——"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Sir William, "where is the letter?"

"Here it is, Sir; but it is not directed."

Sir William tore open the seal, and read "Matilda Heywood." He read no more, but sunk, pale and lifeless, on the bench. Harry, surprised and terrified, ran instantly towards the house to seek assistance, and soon returned with the gardener, bringing a glass of water. They found Sir William trembling in every limb, with his eyes eagerly fixed on the letter. It contained these words:—

"If William Trelawney is still the same, he will fly to his long-absent Matilda! But I wrong my best, and now my only friend, by expressing a doubt of his affection, after the proofs which I saw of it yesterday in the grove. O, my dearest William! I had intended to wait a few days, in hopes to regain

a little strength; and I wished to prepare you for the change which a dreadful accident, added to time, sickness, and sorrow, has made in my appearance; but the certainty that you have not forgotten me, and your message this morning, have overset all my resolutions. Best of men, and dearest of friends, come to your

"MATILDA HEYWOOD."

At the sight of his son and his servant, Sir William started as from a dream. The gardener offered him some water, which he hastily swallowed, then falling on his knees, cried out in a transport of gratitude and joy, "Gracious God! accept my thanks." The astonished servant attempted to make some enquiries; but Sir William knew not what he said, and breaking from him in an instant, flew to the cottage, burst open the door, and threw himself at the feet of his long-lost friend.

And now, while I leave Trelawney and Matilda to the peaceful enjoyment of friendship which forty years of absence had not had power to destroy, I proceed to answer some questions which I imagine my readers may wish to ask, and to relate the particulars of her life during their separation.

CHAP. VIII.

"No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it pass'd,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife."

BEATTIE.

THOUGH it suited Mrs. Rachel Trelawney's argument to treat the family of Mr. Heywood with contempt, it was in reality very respectable; and had it been less so, he would have been "ennobled by himself." He was a man of considerable talents, and still more considerable merit; but fortune had been far less liberal to him than nature. He was the son of a younger brother, who was unfortunately killed at the siege of Ostend, in the year 1601, when his son was only six years old. Mr. Heywood was thus left to the care of his mother, who proved fully equal to the trust; and he was often heard to say, that, if he possessed any vir-

tues, he owed them to her instructions and example. Her income not being equal to the expense of his education, his uncle agreed to advance the small sum which was necessary for his support at Winchester school; from whence he was removed to New College, where he obtained a fellowship, and determined to take orders. To this profession he was led by inclination, and he was peculiarly qualified for it by his talents and disposition. He passed through his academical studies with universal approbation and esteem, and was considered as one of the most learned men at Oxford, at a time when that renowned seminary could boast of some of the brightest ornaments of the English Church.

Soon after the death of his excellent mother, which happened in the year 1621, Mr. Heywood, having taken priest's orders, accepted a curacy about ten miles from Oxford, which, with his fellowship, would have been sufficient for his support; but he had lost the latter by marrying a very beautiful and amiable woman, whom he tenderly loved, who brought him much happiness, but no fortune. Being thus reduced to

the moderate stipend of a curacy, Mr. Heywood determined to employ his talents in the instruction of a few pupils; and he succeeded so well in this important task, that he soon found himself at the head of a large school. Matilda was his only child, and, with more than her mother's beauty, she inherited the talents and virtues of both her parents. To the instruction of this lovely creature, Mr. Heywood devoted every leisure moment; and the success of his endeavours fully answered his most sanguine expectations. Such was the facility with which she acquired information on all subjects, and the pleasure with which she applied herself even to those which are most difficult, that Mr. Heywood was tempted to make her mistress of the Latin as well as of the French and Italian languages, and to lead her much further than women usually proceed in philosophical researches. In those unenlightened times, it was not usual to borrow the assistance of a French governess; and Mr. Heywood thought that his situation in life, as well as the state of his finances, put what are commonly called accomplishments out of the question, and

that it would be improper, as well as extremely imprudent, to send ten miles for masters to instruct the daughter of an humble curate in music and dancing: but Matilda's natural talents enabled her, with only such assistance as her mother could give, to excel in both these accomplishments.

All these acquirements were, however, regarded by Mr. Heywood as only the ornamental part of education. The principal object of both her parents was to form her mind to virtue, and to build virtue on its only sure foundation—revealed religion. Mr. Heywood was of opinion that the principles of Christianity could not be inculcated too early. He considered the great mysteries of revelation as beyond the comprehension of our limited faculties at *every* period of life; and that we cannot too soon learn the humility and child-like simplicity which leads us to submit our reason to the revealed will of God, as well as our inclinations to his commands. He did not wish merely to load the memory with unexplained forms, but he wished to connect Christian principles with every pursuit and every enjoy-

ment of life. The fear and love of God, the continual sense of his presence, he considered as the only guard against temptation. The constant watchfulness which proceeds from an humble sense of our own weakness,—the confidence which the Gospel teaches us to feel in the Divine assistance and protection, promised through the merits of our Saviour, —and the glorious hopes which animate all our exertions and support us under all our sorrows;—*these* were the principles which he thought could not be too soon impressed on the mind, and on which he depended to guard his Matilda, from infancy to old age, from the snares of vice, the arrows of affliction, and the terrors of death. Mr. Heywood's religion was free from enthusiasm or superstition: it was learned in the writings of Hooker and Andrews; it was afterwards confirmed by familiar intercourse with many of our best divines. Never, perhaps, did our church produce such bright and shining ornaments as in the time of which I am now speaking;—until hypocrisy assumed the cloak of religion, to wade through seas of blood, and overthrow all that was venerable in church or state; and

until vice and profligacy, after the Restoration, charging Religion herself with the crimes committed under her name, threw off all restraint, and plunged into infidelity. Before the fatal civil war, Christianity was universally respected. It was not concealed in the closet, but professed in the writings, and adorned by the virtues, of men and women of the highest rank: the young and lovely Lady Jane Grey, the lion-hearted Elizabeth, the gallant Sydney, the learned Bacon,—all were proud to own that they were Christians. Though of various characters, and various professions, yet all agreed in doing homage to religion. In those days, the patriot, the statesman, the soldier, all learned their different duties in the Gospel. They had burst the bonds of popery; and seeking for the truth as it is in Jesus, they found, in the grand scheme of revelation, the firm foundation of public and private virtue. The Church of England, purified in the flames of persecution, and washed in the blood of martyrs, presented to the world the nearest resemblance to primitive Christianity that the Reformation had produced. O! may she still guard her sacred doctrines

from all innovation, and, preserving the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, be found faithful unto the end!

Mrs. Heywood was particularly skilful in the management of the temper, and had gained such influence over the affectionate heart of Matilda, that, from infancy, she never had an idea of disputing her mother's commands, nor could have greater pleasure than in fulfilling them. She had never heard a harsh word, she had hardly seen an angry look; but the slightest fault was not passed over without pointed, and, at the same time, gentle censure. The line which separates right from wrong was always accurately marked; nor was the smallest indulgence ever allowed which might induce her to pass it on any occasion. No faults were ever excused, from an idea that they were of no consequence in a child, and would mend themselves. No deviation from rectitude, no degree of peevishness or ill-humour, was ever overlooked; but the task of correcting them seemed to be her own. To become better every day, more worthy of the love of her parents, and, above all, more pleasing to God,—this was the

prize always set before her, the object of all her hopes and wishes; and by these methods she was led into such a habit of self-government, and such constant self-examination, as proved the guard of her virtue through life. When, after a little review of the past day, which they made together every evening, her fond mother pressed her to her heart, and told her that she had not observed any thing in her conduct that she could wish otherwise, Matilda felt herself more richly rewarded than by any gratification which could be given her. When, on the contrary, her mother, without anger, but with the tenderest concern, pointed out some little fault, or called to her recollection some duty omitted, and urged the necessity of asking pardon of God before she slept, the little penitent would do this with such feelings of genuine piety and self-abasement as never lost their influence at any period of her future life. When she was deprived of her tender monitress, still the habit of self-correction remained; and the effect of this constant watchfulness was visible in every part of her conduct.

CHAP. IX.

"What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
—Sweet is their office, as their nature sweet."

ROGERS.

Mrs. Heywood lived to witness the happy effects of the tender and unwearied attention which she had bestowed on the education of her only child. Lovely in mind as in person, Matilda was the delight of all who knew her; but, though formed to command admiration, the distinguishing feature of her character was humility. She had never learned to conceal envy or vanity under the fashionable title of emulation. She had no opportunity of knowing that her acquirements were superior to those of other young women; and taught to compare her conduct only with the strictest rules of Gospel perfection, she felt that humble sense of imperfection which every one will feel who really looks

into his own heart. Vanity always proceeds from ignorance and inattention to the real state of the soul; but humility, the result of constant attention and impartial self-examination, is, as a celebrated writer expresses it, "the low, but firm foundation of every Christian virtue." *

From her parents Matilda had always heard the language of affection, but never of flattery. She had from infancy been accustomed to hear of her faults, and was perfectly convinced of their existence, and of the absolute necessity of conquering them; and she was encouraged to do so by the praises which were liberally bestowed on every endeavour to improve in virtue, though very sparingly on her astonishing progress in learning. Mrs. Heywood often thought with much anxiety of her beauty, which was so uncommon, and of such a very striking kind, that she felt many fears as to the effect it might have on her future destiny. She never attempted to conceal from Matilda what she must hear from everybody else. She could not help know-

* Mr. Burke.

ing that she was singularly handsome; but Mrs. Heywood endeavoured to prevent her from setting any improper value on this circumstance, and taught her heartily to despise all the flattery it occasioned. Simple and natural in her manners, perfectly free from pride or affectation, with a form in which envy could not point out a defect, and a mind in which every day seemed to show new virtues, Matilda attained her eighteenth year, when those virtues were severely tried by deep and unexpected affliction.

She was sitting by her mother, and engaged in a very interesting conversation, when Mrs. Heywood was suddenly seized with a paralytic attack, and fell back in her chair. Matilda called for help: Mr. Heywood and the servants laid her on the bed, and all possible assistance was given, but she never spoke more. The tenderness with which she looked on her husband and her child, showed that she had not lost her senses; but she lived only a few hours. Such a shock, to a mind which had never known affliction, was a severe trial. The loss of so excellent a parent must have been felt by such a daughter deeply, and for

ever; but the sight of her father's distress showed her what duty required, and that duty she determined to fulfil. From that time she was his only comfort: all the powers of her mind were now displayed, and the good effects of the lessons she had received from both her parents were evident in every part of her conduct. She seemed equal to everything. The management of Mr. Heywood's large family, the care of his declining health, all fell upon her. She was his secretary, his steward, his most pleasing companion; and during two years which elapsed before he left England, each day gave him fresh reason to rejoice in the accomplishment of every wish which his fond heart had formed while he had watched her opening virtues. Such was Matilda Heywood: but one part of her early history remains to be mentioned.

The friendship between Matilda and Trelawney began so early, that they could hardly remember a period when it did not constitute their chief happiness. Some obligations, which Mrs. Heywood had received early in life from the late Lady Trelawney, made her feel particularly interested

for William; and his amiable disposition soon gained her heart so completely, that she felt for him the affection of a mother. When he was not in the school-room, he was almost always with her. In him, Matilda found a protector in every danger, a comforter in every sorrow. She had then no other friend of her own age; and no sister ever loved a brother with more tenderness. They knew each other by no names but William and Matilda: every thought, every wish was mutually imparted: he assisted in her studies—he shared in her pleasures. When she was sent on her favourite errands to the poor cottagers, William was her guard: when she took a walk with Mrs. Heywood, William ran to open the gates. As they grew older, William, who had a remarkable talent for drawing, instructed his fair friend. When her mind opened to the charms of poetry, William pointed out what pleased him most; and she thought the lines never were so sweet as when read by him. They followed with enthusiasm the Red Cross Knight and Britomarte; they wept for Desdemona and Imogen; and triumphed at Agincourt with Henry the Fifth. No hours

were so delightful to either, as those which were thus spent: they shared with each other all the instruction they had received; and, when the business of the day was over, William left all his schoolfellows to walk or to read with Matilda. He stayed at Mr. Heywood's till he was seventeen; and his removal to Oxford was, to both the young friends, the severest misfortune they had ever felt. During his absence, they corresponded with the same unreserved confidence. William frequently visited the parsonage: Matilda still regarded him as her brother and her friend; and when, at a later period, he would have wished to present himself to her in a different character, the fear of losing her confidence kept him silent. Should he talk of love and marriage, perhaps she would not lean on his arm as she had done from infancy; perhaps she would not call him her dear William, and receive him with the artless joy of a sister.

It was not till after his long visit at Pen Tamar, that he observed a change in her behaviour to him, though he flattered himself that it did not proceed from any diminution of affection or esteem. She had then

lost her beloved mother; and her deep affliction, when he first saw her in her mourning dress, gave her a thousand new charms. He endeavoured to address her as usual: but he was not formed to deceive; and Matilda perceived the delicacy of her situation, and the necessity of discouraging a passion which he was unable to disguise. She received him as a friend, but carefully avoided giving him any opportunity to declare himself a lover, before she could know that his choice was sanctioned by the approbation of his father. Trelawney felt the propriety of her conduct; and that regard to duty which always regulated his own, determined him to be silent till he should have obtained his father's permission to speak. For this he had intended to wait two years longer, and to fulfil Sir Henry's wish byspending that time on the Continent: but love prevailed over every other consideration, and he wrote the letter, and received the answer, which have been already mentioned.

Mr. Heywood saw the growing attachment between William and Matilda, and he saw it with pleasure, because he loved and

esteemed Trelawney more than any man living, and he did not foresee the difficulties which afterwards prevented their union. He had known Sir Henry Trelawney from his childhood, and he knew him to be generous, affectionate, and good-natured. It did not require the partiality of a parent to see that Matilda was formed to adorn the highest station. He despised money too much, to think that her want of fortune ought to be an objection in the eyes of a man who had himself married for love, and who seemed to have no wish but to make his son happy. He saw the ardour of William's attachment; and he felt no doubt that the easiness of Sir Henry's temper would yield to his wishes, even if he should not entirely approve them. But when Trelawney told him the secret of his heart, he exacted from him a promise that he would leave the parsonage, and avoid any explanation with Matilda, till he should have obtained his father's permission to offer her his hand.

Unfortunately, neither Mr. Heywood nor his young friend knew how much Sir Henry's mind was weakened, nor how entirely he had submitted to be governed by

an artful and unfeeling woman; and when William took leave of his Matilda for a few days, and went to Oxford to wait for the reply to his letter, he left her with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a heart beating with hope: he pressed her hand to his lips, and when she hastily withdrew it, with a blush which spoke the language of modesty, but not of resentment, love whispered to his enraptured heart that he should soon return to claim it as his own, and that his adored Matilda would allow the claim. Little did he then think that he was to see her no more!——His sense of duty, and Mr. Heywood's advice, determined him to obey his father's commands: but he still looked forward to a more favourable moment for obtaining his consent; and he left England, with an unalterable resolution to preserve for Matilda a heart which was all her own.

CHAP. X.

"Ah! why should virtue dread the frowns of fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create,—
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay."
ROGERS.

When Mr. Heywood returned to the parsonage, after Trelawney had left Oxford, he was received by Matilda with a countenance in which the penetrating eye might discover various emotions: but one look at her father banished hope and joy, and, with trembling anxiety, she asked what had distressed him? He paused for a moment. "My dearest father, are you well?" —"Perfectly well, my love." With a faltering voice, she asked if he had seen Trelawney? — "I have." — They were both silent for a moment, but a look from Matilda, more eloquent than words, demanded an explanation.

"My child, I have endeavoured to teach

you such principles as ought to be your support under every trial: I must now put them to the proof. I am not to learn that you love Trelawney, and he deserves your love, but duty requires that you should part."

Matilda, pale as ashes, sat with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"At the command of his father, he has left Oxford, and will soon leave England."

She started. "Must I, then, see him no more?"

"No, my child, you must not see him till his father shall have learned the value of the treasure which he rejects, or till William shall have a right to follow the dictates of his heart. He is gone, my Matilda, to the Continent; but he has left this letter for you."

While she read it her father walked to the window, and left her at liberty to indulge the tears which now flowed in abundance. In a few minutes he returned, and clasping her in his arms, he said: "My child! my only treasure! now is the time to prove that the lessons of the best of mothers have not been lost: now is the time to

show the self-command which she always endeavoured to teach. Trelawney loves you tenderly: I believe he is no less dear to you. It was the first wish of my heart to give you to him, but obstacles have arisen which I did not expect. His father treats us with contempt, but he shall see that we do not deserve it. I believe Trelawney is incapable of proposing a marriage against his father's consent; but promise me that, if he does, *you* will always reject the proposal."

"I do promise it, my dear father; but let me hope that you will never wish me to give to another a heart which is and must be his alone."

"No, my beloved child: while his sentiments shall remain unchanged, and your affection shall continue undiminished, no advantage of rank or fortune could induce me to wish you married to another. We will try to make each other happy; we will talk of Trelawney; we will feel an honest pride in having acted as duty required; and we will hope that, at some future period, inclination and duty may be no longer at variance."

Mr. Heywood then told her every particular of his conversation with Trelawney: he allowed her to indulge her grief, and he soothed her feelings by the just praise which he bestowed on the object of her choice. Matilda felt all her obligations to such a father, and, for his sake, she endeavoured to support her spirits: she resumed all her usual occupations, and, by degrees, her cheerfulness returned. Frequent letters from Trelawney relieved her anxiety on his account, while they proved his unalterable attachment; and hope, which at her age is not easily banished, resumed its place in her bosom.

About a year before she lost her mother, Matilda had formed an intimacy with a very respectable family of the name of Wilkinson, who had lately come into possession of the principal property and the manor-house in the village of Southwick, where her father was curate. With them, and particularly with Miss Wilkinson, whose kindness on the death of Mrs. Heywood had made a deep impression on her feeling heart, Matilda spent many interesting hours; and the first year of Trelawney's absence passed

in the tranquil enjoyments which the country affords, with the addition of pleasing society and a choice collection of books. The small distance from Oxford afforded opportunities, of which some of Mr. Heywood's former scholars, and other young men of their acquaintance, willingly availed themselves, to see the "eighth wonder of the world," which was the name that one of them had given to Matilda. Her admirers were numerous, but their hopes were immediately checked. Averse from coquetry, and incapable of disguise, Matilda rejected every proposal without hesitation; and Mr. Heywood adhered to his promise, though tempted to break it by offers which would have gratified the highest expectations that avarice and ambition could have formed; and, after several unsuccessful attacks, the fair recluse was given up as unconquerable.

The war, which broke out in the year 1642, put an end to all hope of domestic happiness. Mr. Heywood saw the danger which threatened him and every clergyman who was resolved to reject the Covenant; and the reasons which he detailed in his

letter to Trelawney determined him to seek an asylum with his friend, Mr. Arnold, in America. He consigned that letter to the care of Mr. Waller, who proposed to leave England in about two months after Mr. Heywood was to sail, and who he knew would deliver it safe to Trelawney; and he did not wish it to be delivered sooner, as he feared that his young friend might sacrifice all other considerations, and immediately return to take on himself the charge of protecting his Matilda.

Mr. Heywood and his daughter took a mournful leave of their worthy friends at the manor-house, and sailed from Liverpool in a merchant-ship bound for New England. It was a trying moment to Mr. Heywood; but he found in Matilda the courage of a hero, with all the softness of a woman. She supported his drooping spirits, lessened all his difficulties, and thought of every thing that could add to his comfort. She smiled through her tears, and tried to awaken hopes which she did not herself feel.

During some days the weather was remarkably fine; and the poor exiles, in some

degree reconciled to their situation, began to feel the cheerfulness which the sea-air, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, seldom fail to inspire, before it is succeeded by weariness and disgust, when nothing is to be seen but the boundless ocean, and when the inconveniences which attend that mode of conveyance grow every day more insupportable. They had lost sight of the English coast, when the weather suddenly changed, and a dreadful storm drove the vessel near the Scilly Islands. During forty-eight hours their situation was very dangerous; and Mr. Heywood and Matilda, shocked with the oaths and execrations of those who had no hope left but in the mercy of that God whom they thus dared to insult, remained in the cabin, and endeavoured to prepare for the event which they had every reason to expect. Then, indeed, Mr. Heywood saw the effect of those principles which he had inculcated. Then he saw how much the fortitude which religion inspires is superior to that mechanical courage which is only the effect of habit. The sailors expected their fate in agonies of horror; while the young and

lovely Matilda, firm and undaunted, was calm, resigned, and tranquil. Many a tender thought dwelt on the grief of her Trelawney, and the silent tear stole from her eyes: but Christianity taught her to see the hand of Providence in all events, and resignation and hope were still triumphant.

After a long interval of suspense and silence, they felt a severe shock, and heard an exclamation of horror. They ran up to the deck, and saw despair on every countenance. The ship had struck upon a rock, and was rapidly sinking; but a vessel was very near them, evidently trying to give assistance; and the boat was prepared, as the only chance of escape. Mr. Heywood and Matilda were hurried into it, with their servants, and most of the crew; though some, who were expert swimmers, and who thought it impossible that the boat could weather the storm, preferred the chance of climbing the rocks, and escaping to the island; and in this attempt three or four succeeded. The boat was still too full; but the sight of the ship, which approached very fast, excited the sailors to fresh exertions. They rowed for a considerable time,

and were now very near the object of all their hopes, when a wave dashed over the boat. A second wave rose higher than the first. Mr. Heywood clasped his daughter in his arms: they heard a universal shriek— and the boat sunk!

The ship, which was now within a few yards, was bound from France to Canada; and a humane wish to relieve the distressed had induced some of the crew to venture in a boat to their assistance; but they had the mortification of seeing those whom they had hoped to save perish before their eyes. Mr. Heywood and Matilda were instantly separated by the waves; and he sunk, to rise no more! Her dress supported her a little longer, and pointed her out to a young Frenchman, who, being a remarkably skilful swimmer, instantly plunged into the waves, in the hope of saving the unfortunate female. With great difficulty he succeeded, and bore his lovely prize to the boat, but in a state which gave little room to hope that her life could be saved. Her brave deliverer could not look in her face, though then pale and lifeless, without anxiously wishing that his exertions might

be successful; and, after many fruitless attempts to save any more of the crew, he conveyed her on board the ship, and committed her to the care of his sister and her female attendant, by whom she was put into a bed, and every proper means used to restore her to life. Her kind nurses were soon convinced that she had not ceased to breathe; but it was long before she opened her eyes, or gave any other sign of life; and, when she was able to speak, they had the mortification to find that the shock had affected her brain. In this sad state the poor sufferer continued during many weeks, with no change, but from wild raving to stupid insensibility; and, in this state, the lovely and accomplished Matilda Heywood was left to the mercy of strangers, to whom her name was unknown, and who did not understand her language. But that Divine Protector in whom she always trusted had not now forsaken her; for he had placed her in the hands of those to whose humanity distress was a sufficient recommendation.

CHAP. XI.

"Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might Heavenward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man!"

BURNS.

THE gentleman to whom Matilda owed her life was the Comte de Clairville; of a noble family, and large property in Normandy. His grandfather was the friend and associate of the unfortunate Admiral Coligny, and one of the earliest and most zealous converts to Protestantism, at the time when persecution raged with the most dreadful violence. His eldest son was attached to the established system; and when his father was murdered, soon after his illustrious friend, in the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, he was observed to take possession of the title and estate with a degree

of insensibility which shocked even the most bigotted Papists. The younger brother, whose disposition and principles were totally different, having little besides his own industry on which he could depend for his future support, determined to quit a country stained with the blood of his father, and almost all his friends, and to join a little colony originally founded in Florida, under the auspices of the late Admiral, and in which many Protestants had found a safe asylum.

France had allowed the Spaniards and Portuguese to divide the New World between them, till this great man, in the midst of the horrors of civil war, sent, in the year 1562, John Ribaud to make a settlement in Florida. The Spaniards had abandoned that country, because it produced no gold. The French found there treasures which were far more precious—a serene sky, a fertile soil, a temperate climate, and inhabitants who were friends to peace and hospitality. The new settlers found every thing succeed beyond their hopes, till the ambition and jealousy of the Spaniards led them to attack the infant settlement, and to murder most of the inhabitants, with every circum-

stance of savage cruelty. Some of those who had escaped the massacre were hung up alive on the trees, with this inscription: —"Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." A severe revenge was afterwards taken by a new colony of Protestants, who drove the murderers from Florida, and, imitating too closely the crimes of which they had heard with horror, hung up some of their prisoners with these words:—"Not as Spaniards, but as assassins." *

But the neighbourhood of the Spaniards making Florida an unsafe situation, the colony removed to a very distant part of the country; and being afterwards joined by many new settlers, of whom the Chevalier de Clairville was one, they established themselves in Canada, and, in the year 1608, laid the foundation of Quebec. In this country Clairville continued to reside; and when, by persevering industry, he had gained all that his moderate wishes required, in his fiftieth year he married the daughter of a neighbouring planter, with whom, in an in-

* For the historical part of the chapter, see Abbé Raynal.

hospitable desert, he enjoyed tranquillity and peace, which fanaticism and cruelty had banished from his native country. When the generous and noble-minded Henry sheathed the sword of persecution, and taught his subjects, under his paternal government, to be once more happy, the Chevalier de Clairville had been invited to return; but he was then attached to the little creation of his own industry, and wished to end his days in Canada, though he was afterwards induced to send his son and daughter to France, in order to give them such advantages of education as America did not afford.

Young Clairville had completed his studies, when the death of his uncle, and of a son who was the last of a numerous family, opened to him very different prospects from those which the woods of Canada afforded. He wrote to inform his father of these events, and invited him to return and take possession of the title and estates of his ancestors; but, after a long interval of silence, he received a letter from his mother, to inform him that his father was no more. She consented to his wish of fixing his abode in

a country which she had never seen, but requested him to return to Canada, with his sister, and to remain there for some months at least: during which time they might dispose of their property, so as to secure the happiness of their numerous dependents; and she would then consent to quit her native woods for ever, and to accompany her children to France.

In obedience to the commands of a parent whom he tenderly loved, the Comte de Clairville purchased a vessel to convey himself and his sister to Canada, in which they sailed from Cherbourg; but contrary winds drove them out of their course, and brought them in sight of the wreck of the Elizabeth, whose most precious treasure the young Frenchman had the happiness to rescue from the waves.

The Comte de Clairville was in the bloom of youth: he was nobly born, possessed of a large fortune, pleasing in person and manners, and considered by all who knew him as one of the finest young men in France. He was full of the fire and animation, the generous enthusiasm, and romantic bravery, for which his countrymen were in those days

eminently distinguished; and he deserved the title which had been given to Bayard, "Le chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche." His sister was not less amiable; and in her the unfortunate Matilda found the tenderest of friends, before she could have any claim to the unwearied attention which preserved her life, except the interest which her uncommon beauty awakened in those who were as yet unacquainted with her merit.

The voyage was tedious, and attended with many dangers, to which Matilda was insensible. Continually calling for her father or Trelawney, in a language which was understood by none of her attendants, her gentle nurse found it impossible to calm the violence of her grief. The intervals of reason were short, and she never seemed clearly to recollect what had passed, or to know where she was; yet her natural gentleness remained, and she did whatever was pointed out by Henriette de Clairville without complaint or murmur. Once she seemed to have recollection enough to perceive the kindness with which she was treated: she saw the tears which started from the eyes of her protectress, and seizing her hand, she

pressed it to her heart. This was to Henriette a moment of transport which is not to be described. She exclaimed, in French, "O that she could know what I feel for her!" Matilda, who spoke that language as perfectly as her own, cried out, "Are you my guardian angel?" Clairville, who was sitting by the side of her cot, but concealed by the curtains, surprised and delighted at hearing her speak his own language, suddenly darted forward. She caught an imperfect view of his figure, and, always impressed with one idea, she eagerly cried out in English, "O, William! is it you?" The language of tenderness is always intelligible, and Clairville ventured to come nearer; when, with a loud scream, and a look of aversion and terror, she instantly sunk back, and spoke no more. This disappointment seemed to have made a deep impression on her mind: she continued in a state of stupid insensibility, seldom spoke, and could hardly be persuaded to swallow food or medicine: but the only moment in which she was *herself* had made Henriette more than ever solicitous to restore her,

and her attention and tenderness were unwearied.

After many weeks, and when they were arrived near the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, Matilda, for the first time, had many hours of deep and uninterrupted sleep; and when Henriette went to her in the morning, she found her in an agony of tears. They were the first that she had been seen to shed. Mademoiselle Clairville took her hand, and asked if she would take some refreshment. Matilda looked earnestly in her face, and said, in the same language, "O tell me who you are, and why you are so kind to me?"

"I am your friend—and I wish to make you well and happy."

"Then tell me, where is my father?—I am sure I was fast locked in his arms. How could I lose him?"

"It has pleased God to take him from you; and you must wait till he gives him to you again." There never was a moment of her life in which Matilda was deaf to the voice of religion; and Henriette was soon convinced that she had now touched the right string. When she spoke of submission

to the Divine decrees, her lovely patient always listened with attention: her reason gained strength, though very slowly; but the return of reason brought with it the dreadful recollection of all that she had lost. Mademoiselle Clairville answered her anxious enquiries with tenderness and caution, but with strict truth; and the poor sufferer was at last awakened to all the horrors of her situation.

She found herself torn from all that had been dear to her on earth, deprived of the best of parents, banished from England, without fortune—without friends: she was thrown on the compassion of strangers, to whom she was under obligations which it was impossible she could ever return, but with whom she must go to a country of which the name was almost unknown to her, where she would probably have no communication with England, no means of telling her only friend that she was still in existence, no opportunity of knowing whether he lived,—and lived for her!

The deep and settled melancholy which these reflections produced was still interrupted by occasional fits of horror, approach-

ing to madness, and particularly when she saw the water; and when, at the end of their long voyage, it was necessary to remove her into a boat, all her agonies returned, and she was carried on shore almost as ill as ever. But, in the peaceful residence of Madame de Clairville, she recovered beyond the most sanguine hopes of her friends. In a few days she was perfectly herself; and, though in the deepest affliction, her fine mind by degrees resumed all its powers.

CHAP. XII.

"Along these lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll!"

THOMSON.

A LATE elegant writer * has made the sublime scenery of Canada so familiar, even to those whose reading extends no further than novels, that I will not attempt any description of the country into which Matilda was now unexpectedly thrown. But I must observe, that, though the grand features of nature were the same, the embellishments of art were then almost entirely wanting. All was savage grandeur: vast woods, inhabited only by wild beasts and serpents; lakes, of which the eye could not trace the circumference; and rivers, whose immense torrents swelled the bed of the ocean. In this un-

* See Emily Montague.

touched region of the world, all was grand and sublime. The richness, the magnificence, the majesty of the scene, left every work of art so far behind, that the awe-struck mind, feeling its own littleness, could only wonder and adore!

In the midst of these magnificent works of Nature, or (to speak more properly) of Nature's God, appeared the little settlement in which a few unfortunate beings, whom persecution had banished from France, had fixed their humble residence. They were far from possessing the comforts which Canada now affords; but the persevering hand of industry secured them from want, and the necessity of mutual assistance united them to each other. During a great part of the year, they were cut off from the possibility of intercourse with Europe, by the ice, which prevented navigation; and, at the remote period of which I am now speaking, that intercourse was always uncertain, and often totally discontinued during several years. No commerce tempted the merchant to navigate unknown seas and dangerous rivers; and the promises of protection, which had been liberally bestowed by

government, were forgotten. The great Henry had fallen by the hand of an assassin; and Richelieu, who never listened to the voice of humanity, was engaged in plans which, to his boundless ambition, appeared of far greater importance.

Thus abandoned by all the world, the colonists found it necessary to exert all the efforts of united skill and industry, in order to conquer the difficulties with which they were surrounded; and at the time when the young Comte de Clairville arrived, the plantation had attained to such a degree of perfection, that, to those who had no artificial wants, it appeared a little paradise. The late Monsieur de Clairville's residence was far superior to any in the settlement: it was surrounded by a pretty garden, which produced much both for ornament and use. He had procured from France many articles which contribute to domestic happiness, and amongst the rest a well-chosen collection of books. The house was small, but well-built; and an air of neatness and simple elegance seemed to point it out as the mansion of peace.

In this retired spot Matilda was wel-

comed by Madame de Clairville, with that genuine politeness which springs from benevolence, and of which only the unfortunate know the worth; and here, in the society of friends who were every day more dear to her, she passed the remainder of the year 1642. The climate seemed particularly to agree with her; for she never had appeared so well, or so lovely. The first violence of grief had subsided, and a deep but gentle melancholy succeeded, which, far from rejecting the consolations of friendship, seemed ever ready to seek the comfort which the feeling heart has so much pleasure in bestowing. She was conscious of obligations which could never be repaid; but she had none of the pride which arrogates to itself the name of sensibility. She believed that, when Madame de Clairville and Henriette spoke of her arrival as of the greatest happiness that could have befallen them, they spoke the language of truth. Her grateful and affectionate heart felt the value of such friends; and the ardent wish of contributing to their happiness made her exert all her powers of pleasing, and perhaps did more than reason could have done

to calm the violence of her grief. Far superior to either of her new friends in accomplishments and information of various kinds, she found a thousand ways to be useful as well as pleasing to them. She pointed out many improvements, which added to the comfort of their little residence. She contrived many ways to lessen the inconveniences of a rigorous climate,—many employments which made the tedious winter nights seem short. She instructed Henriette in the English language, and taught her to read a few of our best authors, of whom the late Chevalier de Clairville had been a warm admirer. She led her young friend to take pleasure in drawing, for which the surrounding scenes furnished the noblest subjects. Henriette found her generous friendship amply repaid, and considered the hour in which she first saw Matilda as the most fortunate of her life.

The young Comte was their constant companion; and his behaviour to Matilda was always delicate and respectful in the highest degree. Never appearing to presume on her obligations to him, but always attentive to promote her happiness, he seemed to

have no wish but to alleviate those sufferings, which he respected too much to mention his own; but he loved, with all the ardour of a young and romantic mind, and impatiently waited for the moment when he might with propriety urge his suit. Had he seen Matilda Heywood in the most fashionable circles of Paris, he could not have hesitated to pronounce her the most beautiful woman that he had ever beheld. It is easy to imagine the impression which such charms must make on his heart in the solitudes of Canada, and when habits of intimacy gave him continual opportunities of knowing that her mind was far more lovely than her form; yet he was so guarded in his behaviour, that Matilda, who was not apt to suppose that every man she met was to be in love with her, saw in him only the humane protector of a helpless stranger, and felt and expressed the gratitude and esteem to which he had so just a claim.

Month after month passed on, without the possibility of any intercourse with Europe, and to Matilda each day appeared an age; but, at last, she heard her friends mention the approach of that season, when the break-

ing up of the ice, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, opens the communication with the rest of the world; and she ventured to ask the Comte if he knew of any ship which was sailing to France or England. Clairville, trembling with anxiety, said, "Do you then wish to leave us?" Matilda could not help seeing the agitation with which this question was asked, but she endeavoured to conceal the distress which it gave her. She expressed, in the strongest terms, the high sense she should ever entertain of her obligations to him and to his family, but said she had already given them too much trouble. Clairville threw himself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, eagerly exclaimed, "Talk not of trouble, loveliest of women! I adore you; nor can I form an idea of happiness on earth, if I must part from you."

Matilda, much distressed, drew back her hand, and entreating him to rise, said, "You have now made it impossible for me to stay."

"Is it, then, impossible that I can ever obtain your good opinion?"

"O no! my esteem—my friendship—my unbounded gratitude, are yours for ever. But you deserve what I have not to give—

a heart entirely your own! Do not, I entreat you, distress me by ever naming this subject again. Be still my friend—my kind, my generous protector; but do not give me the misery of thinking that I have inflicted pain upon him to whom I owe my life."

She disengaged herself from him, and hastily leaving the room, she was met by Henriette, who observed her emotion, and enquired the cause. To her Matilda confessed her unalterable attachment to Trelawney, and entreated her assistance to prevent the repetition of a scene which had so much distressed her. It was evident that Henriette was scarcely less disappointed than her brother. She had hoped that the friend whom she most tenderly loved would have been united to her by a still dearer tie; and she now felt and regretted the imprudence with which she had encouraged a passion, of which she had long been the confidant. With all the earnestness of a warm and affectionate heart, she pleaded the cause of her brother; but Matilda, incapable of deceit, declared her unalterable attachment to another, and so strongly

pointed out the impropriety of her remaining in her present situation, that Henriette at last promised to prevail with Clairville to contrive some means for her removal, and, for both their sakes, to forbear any further mention of a subject which had given her so much concern. She found her brother in a state which really alarmed her; and it was long before she could prevail with him to resign all his hopes. When he appeared at dinner, he was the picture of despair; and Matilda felt, more strongly than ever, the sad necessity which confined her to a place, where she only stayed to destroy the happiness of a man to whom she owed the highest obligations.

But the next morning, as she was walking alone, Clairville approached, and, entreating her pardon for the pain which he had given her, said, that he did not now come to talk of his own misfortunes, but, if possible, to alleviate hers. "Tell me, then, my lovely friend, (if I may still presume to address you by that name)—tell me what you wish. Is it to return to England?" Matilda could scarcely restrain her tears, while she tried to thank him. She told him that it was

her wish to go, according to the plan proposed by her father, to his friend Mr. Arnold, in New England, who was in possession of her fortune, and with whom she could have a safe asylum, till the accounts which she hoped to receive from England might perhaps induce her to return to her native country.

Her voice faltered when she said this, and a deep sigh from Clairville proved that he understood it; but, after a moment's pause, he told her that all intercourse by land with the English settlements was prevented by almost impenetrable woods, which the little colony in Canada considered as their best security against too powerful neighbours: that therefore the only plan which he could propose was, her accompanying his family in the ship which was to convey them, early in the autumn, to France; and that ship being entirely under his command, he would engage that it should convey her to Boston, before it proceeded to Cherbourg.

This offer was most gratefully accepted, though not without more concern at the long delay than she chose to express. Clair-

ville, always generous and humane, anticipated her wishes, by saying, that though there was no road by which she could possibly pass the woods, the savage inhabitants of the country did it occasionally; and that, if she wished to write to her friends at Boston, he would endeavour to find a way by which she might send a letter, and receive an answer before the time appointed for her voyage. This was joyful news to Matilda, who wrote to Mrs. Arnold an account of her father's death, and of her own miraculous escape; and mentioned her wish of still putting herself under her protection, if it would be convenient to her and Mr. Arnold to receive her. She requested a small sum of money to pay—what money *could* pay,—of her immense debt to the Clairville family, of whom she had been obliged to borrow what was necessary in order to supply herself with clothes. But the last, and to her the most important, request was, that Mrs. Arnold would tell her what accounts had been received from England since she left it, which was almost a year.

Clairville kept his promise; and some

Indians, whom his kindness had attached to his interests, undertook to convey the letter. They were long absent, but they were faithful to their trust, and returned at last with a letter from Mrs. Arnold, and the money which Matilda had requested her to send.

The letter expressed the liveliest joy at her safety, of which no hope had been entertained, since the account of the wreck, as described by the few sailors who escaped, had reached the merchants at Boston to whom the cargo was consigned. Mrs. Arnold earnestly requested Matilda to come to her, and promised all that friendship could do to lessen her affliction, and promote her future happiness. She mentioned some particulars with regard to her little fortune, which showed how honourably Mr. Arnold had discharged his trust; and she entreated her to think of no other home, whilst England continued in the dreadful state which her last letters described. She then gave a melancholy picture of the horrors occasioned by the civil war. She mentioned the death of the Earl of Lindsay, and many others distinguished by their rank, and by their virtues; and added, " If the royal

cause can be supported, it must be by the active zeal and invincible courage of the brave army of the west, which, under the command of Sir Bevil Granville, has performed wonders." Matilda knew that in that army her Trelawney was probably serving, and, whilst she rejoiced at his triumphs, she trembled for his safety.

Many weeks of suspense and anxiety passed before she quitted the hospitable asylum in Canada, and accompanied her kind friends on a very fatiguing and dangerous voyage. The sea was still an object of such terror to Matilda, that Mademoiselle Clairville dreaded its effect on her spirits; but she exerted all her fortitude, that she might not distress her friends, and, without any particular cause of alarm, she was safely landed in New England. With many tears, which spoke the language of a truly grateful heart, Matilda left her friends, with a promise of unalterable attachment, and as frequent correspondence as circumstances would permit.

Clairville had avoided her society as much as possible, since he knew of her attachment to his rival, though he always showed the

same concern for her happiness, the same desire to oblige and serve her. When he was to take the last farewell, Matilda, with tears starting from her eyes, gave him her hand, and endeavoured to express her grateful sense of his generous friendship; when, dropping on one knee, and fervently pressing her hand to his lips, he said,—"Be happy, loveliest and best of women! and forget that such a wretch as Clairville exists." Without giving her time to reply, he hastily withdrew, and she saw him no more.

CHAP. XIII.

——" Ye good, distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure;—yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more!"

THOMSON.

MATILDA was received by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold with warm and sincere affection; but the period of her residence in New England affords little to interest the reader. Mr. Arnold had been a faithful guardian of her little fortune; and, in a country where the necessaries of life were cheap, and luxuries few, Matilda found the income sufficient to gratify all her wishes. She consented to reside constantly with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, at their earnest request, on such terms as prevented her feeling any pecuniary obligation to them; and she found, in their friendship and society, much

comfort during many tedious years of exile.

Though an intercourse was now open with England, it was neither regular nor frequent; but Matilda availed herself of the first opportunity that offered to write to her friend, Miss Wilkinson. To her she told her tale of sorrows; and, after enjoining the strictest secrecy as to her being still alive, she requested some account of her English friends, and, above all, of Trelawney. She expressed her determination to remain in America while Sir Henry Trelawney lived, as nothing should induce her to break the promise which she had made to her father; but she wished to know if her William were yet alive,—if she still were dear to him, before she would send him an account of her miraculous escape. Miss Wilkinson was acquainted with all that had passed, and in her prudence and delicacy she knew that she might confide: to her, therefore, she wrote with the most unreserved confidence.

Many tedious months passed before Matilda received an answer to this letter, and, when it arrived, it confirmed all her fears.

It was filled with the tenderest expressions of friendship, and the liveliest joy at her unhoped-for safety; but it strongly painted the wretched state of England, and it mentioned the death of Sir Bevil Granville, the destruction of the brave Cornish army, and the uncertain fate of her Trelawney. On that subject Miss Wilkinson expressed herself as follows:—

"In an army where every soldier was a hero, Mr. Trelawney outshone them all: his courage and his humanity were the theme of every tongue. But, alas! my friend, what I have more to say can give you only pain. He was certainly wounded and taken prisoner in the engagement at Alresford, and I can learn nothing more. Had he been executed, as many of the bravest officers have been, it must have been known. I trust, therefore, that he lives, but in such close confinement that no friend is permitted to see, or even to write to him. Doubt not the zeal with which I will endeavour to forward your wishes: your secret shall be faithfully kept; and I will spare no pains to procure some intelligence of Trelawney, and transmit to

you any on which I can place the smallest dependence."

During several years which followed, before Trelawney was released from his confinement, Matilda remained in anxious suspense. Miss Wilkinson wrote by every opportunity, but could tell nothing satisfactory. The defeat at Naseby,—the infamous treaty by which the Scots gave up the King into the power of his enemies,—his imprisonment, trial, and death,—the usurpation of Cromwell, and the overthrow of the ancient constitution in church and state,—all filled Matilda's gentle mind with horror, and made her dread a letter from England as much as she wished it. Miss Wilkinson, in every letter, advised her to remain in America, and mentioned many alarming circumstances which had attended her own situation; but, in the year 1650, she informed her friend that she had accepted the addresses of a gentleman of the name of Saville, and that her future residence would be at the village of Longford, in Yorkshire.

During this interval, Matilda had the satisfaction of hearing repeatedly from Hen-

riette de Clairville, and of knowing that she and her excellent parent were arrived at the destined port in health and safety. Of her brother she said little; but asked many questions as to Matilda's future prospects, and the time of her return to England. Matilda told her all, but took care to discourage any hope which might be formed from her uncertain situation, and professed her friendship for the Comte with such openness and warmth as convinced him that he must hope for nothing more. Her residence in America was marked by no incidents worth relating, though her benevolent heart found means to make it of advantage to many; and her virtues, still more than her beauty, commanded the admiration of all who knew her.

At the beginning of the year 1652, and after a very long interval of silence, Matilda received a letter from Mrs. Saville, of which I will transcribe the most important part:—

"It has been my sad task, during many years, to send you only tales of woe; but at last, my dear Matilda, I can give you intelligence of a very different kind. Your Tre-

lawney lives: he is free, and in possession of his paternal estate. In obedience to your commands, I have as yet kept the secret with which you entrusted me; and I do this with less reluctance, as I hope he will soon learn it from your own lips. On one subject only have I ever been guilty of reserve to you; but, while I had too much reason to fear that you would never see him again, I durst not tell you how dear you were to this excellent man. *Now* I will conceal nothing. In a few days after his return from the Continent, he wrote me a letter, of which I send you a copy:—

'To the friend of my lost angel I will venture to lay open all the agony which my tortured heart can never cease to feel. I am not to learn that every hope is lost; but let me entreat you, dear Madam, to tell me all the dreadful particulars with which I am as yet unacquainted. You cannot make me more wretched than I am. Indeed, I think the only comfort I could now feel would be in seeing you, in talking of my only love to the friend of her heart, and in revisiting the place where I once was happy! If I can at any time quit the army for a few

days, I will throw myself at your feet; but, in the mean time, tell me, I entreat you, all you have heard of that tale of horror. This wretched world was not worthy of her: her William never could have deserved to be so blessed! But no human being knows how I have loved! Forgive a wretch who only lives to mourn. Every earthly hope is buried in the watery grave of my Matilda!'

"To this letter," continued Mrs. Saville, "I replied, by telling him all the sad particulars, which left not the smallest hope of your safety. I did not then conceal your love for him; and I pressed him to visit me at Southwick, where we might talk of you, and unite our lamentations. After the battle of Lansdown, Mr. Trelawney was sent to the King, at Oxford, with the news of victories in which he had borne a distinguished part. His fame had travelled before him; and he received the honour of knighthood, with the thanks and applause of his unfortunate sovereign. He then came, for a few hours, to Southwick; and never shall I forget that visit! No woman ever deserved to be loved more than my dear Matilda;

but surely no man ever loved like Trelawney! He would visit every spot in which he had ever seen you: and never did I behold such a picture of woe! Yet it was not the violence of passion, but calm, resigned, and uncomplaining sorrow. He said that he submitted to the will of Heaven; — that he would do his duty as a soldier; — and, perhaps, it might be the intention of Providence that he might fall in battle, and be again united to his Matilda: but if he could only deserve that blessing by years of such misery as he now endured, he would try to support it like a man and a Christian. Many years have since passed, and they have been sad years to Trelawney; but I have every reason to believe that his heart is still the same. I am told that, since his return to Pen Tamar, he has erected a little root-house, with an inscription to your memory, in a grove which he planted before he went abroad; and that he now visits it every day, and appears to feel his misfortune as keenly as ever.

"And now can it be necessary for me to press your immediate return? The deaths of his father and aunt have left Sir William

Trelawney at full liberty to follow the dictates of his heart. Your promise to your father has been faithfully performed, and the strictest principle of duty no longer opposes your love. Come then, dear Matilda, and reward the constancy of the best of men. If you wish to see me before you make yourself known to Trelawney, come to your constant friend. Mr. Saville will be delighted to see you, and to execute any commands with which you will entrust him. If you rather wish to go first to Pen Tamar, and can contrive to do so, you will find there your old acquaintance, Mr. Hamilton, to whom Sir William has given that living. From him you may obtain every information you can desire; and I am persuaded that he will confirm all I have told you of your faithful Trelawney. Every thing now seems to lead you to happiness, which will be doubly sweet from a comparison with past sorrows. Come, then, without delay; and may Heaven protect you from every danger, and bring you in safety to

"Your ever faithful,

"MARY SAVILLE."

Many were the tears which Matilda shed over this letter, but they were tears of gratitude and joy. Having offered an humble tribute of thanks to Heaven for the safety of Trelawney, she tried to collect her scattered thoughts, in order to determine on her future conduct. The question which she was always accustomed to put to her heart was, not what is pleasant, but what is right; and, afraid of being warped by inclination, she seriously considered the arguments of her friend: but, after the most impartial scrutiny, she could discover no reasonable objection against following the dictates of her heart. Her promise to her ever-lamented father had been faithfully performed: Sir William Trelawney was now master of himself and his fortune: it was certain that he still loved her; and his happiness, as well as her own, seemed to depend on an union which nothing now opposed. As she resolved to go to England by the first ship which was to sail, she could not write to Sir William, or release her friend from her promise; but she determined to proceed with the caution which the delicacy of her situation required. It

was her intention, on her arrival in her native country, to learn from Mr. Hamilton the real situation of his friend; and if then she should have reason to think it necessary, she would go to Mrs. Saville, and never let Trelawney know that she existed. But hope painted far different prospects. She knew the heart of her William — and she knew that it was all her own. Many were the little plans which she contrived in order to make herself known to him, and many were the airy castles which her imagination formed, during some hours of delicious solitude, before reason pointed out the difficulties which were still to be conquered, and told her that she was far from England, that she must cross that dreadful element which had been so fatal to her peace, and that many weeks must probably pass before it would be possible for her to obtain any conveyance to Europe. It was a tedious interval; but at last she procured a passage in a vessel bound directly to Plymouth, which was then the principal port for ships trading to any part of the American settlements.

With sincere regret she left Mr. and

Mrs. Arnold; and she was followed by the prayers and blessings of all who knew her. Mr. Arnold paid into her own hands as much of her fortune as was necessary for present use, and gave her security for the rest on a respectable merchant in London.

More than six months had elapsed, from the date of Mrs. Saville's letter, before Matilda left the house of Mr. Arnold, once more to encounter the dangers of the ocean; and the voyage employed two more. It was, however, attended with no particular cause of alarm; and after many sad recollections of the past, and many fears, which even her uncommon strength of mind could with difficulty conquer, she caught a distant view of Britain, and every other feeling gave place to hope and joy.

CHAP. XIV.

"Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky:
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away:
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?"

Rogers.

After ten years of banishment, Matilda saw once more her native country,—that country, so justly dear to those who have had an opportunity of comparing it with any other. The day was fine—the Sound was full of vessels: to the left were the beautiful woods of Mount Edgecumbe; to the right, the entrance of Catwater, under Mount Batten, with a view of the lovely vale in which now stands the residence of Lord Boringdon*, and which, on that side, is bounded by the distant hills of Dartmoor. In front was the little Island of St. Nicholas; and beyond it, the citadel and

* Now Earl of Morley.

town of Plymouth, with a more distant view of the Dock Yard, the village of Stoke, and charming surrounding scenery. Matilda had never been in the west of England, but every object which she beheld was familiar to her. Trelawney drew remarkably well, and delighted in giving her some idea of his favourite spot. Nothing which Matilda had learned from him was ever forgotten by her. She immediately recognised Mount Edgecumbe, and the mouth of that beautiful river on whose banks was placed Pen Tamar. A thousand hopes, a thousand fears crowded on her imagination. She stole one look at a little picture which always hung round her neck, and thought the countenance wore more than common sweetness. "Would her Trelawney look thus? Did he still live, and did he live for her?"—Such were the thoughts which filled her mind when she landed near the Dock Yard, and went, with trembling anxiety, to the nearest inn.

It was early in the day, and she was shown into a parlour; where, after endeavouring to collect her scattered thoughts, and to arm herself with resolution to meet whatever Providence should be pleased to

appoint,—after offering up the feelings of a grateful heart to Heaven, for her safe preservation during a voyage which she had had so much reason to dread, and placing the future disposal of all her concerns in *his* hands who only knows what we ought to wish,—she rang to order some refreshment, and took that opportunity of asking the waiter if he knew Mr. Hamilton.

"What! Parson Hamilton of Pen Tamar? Yes, sure, Madam, very well: he was here this morning."

"Do you think he is still in the town?"

"He is not far off, Madam; he said he was going to spend two or three days with the Curate of Stonehouse, which is not above a mile distant."

This was joyful news to Matilda, at whose request a messenger was sent to tell Mr. Hamilton that a person, just arrived in England, was at the inn, and requested the favour of seeing him on particular business. She did not choose to say more, or to let him see her handwriting, wishing to avoid the possibility of discovery, till she should learn from him whether the news of her arrival would still be welcome to Trelawney,

and till she should have concerted with him the proper method of making herself known to his friend.

Mr. Hamilton had been the intimate friend of Mr. Heywood: his honour and delicacy were well known to Matilda: he was already acquainted with her early attachment, and he knew every secret of the heart of her Trelawney. To him, therefore, she resolved to open her own, and be guided in her future conduct by his advice. She waited with a beating heart the return of her messenger; but hope predominated in her bosom. The constant heart of her Trelawney could never cease to love. She knew that a few months before her return he was at liberty—he was well—he was all her own. His estate was so large, that her want of fortune would not appear of any importance to him. Convinced of his truth, his honour, his generosity, she judged of his heart by her own. Had she millions, they should be his; and she felt no proud reluctance to owing pecuniary obligations to the friend of her soul—the only lord of her heart. What, indeed, can be more absurd, than giving such importance to money, as to feel unwilling to receive a few

worthless counters from the friend to whom we are willing to owe all the happiness of our lives; and to whom we delight to pay that debt with love, esteem, and gratitude unbounded?

While our fair wanderer's thoughts were thus engaged, the sound of a carriage drew her eyes to the window, and she saw a very elegant coach and six drive up to the door, followed by two servants on horseback, with the well-known livery of Trelawney. She started—trembled, but had recollection enough to place herself where she could see without being seen. The carriage stopped at the door of the inn, and she saw Trelawney,—her own Trelawney,—put his head out of the window to speak a few words to the waiter. She saw—she knew him. He was, indeed, less changed than is usual in ten years, and she thought him handsomer than ever. Hardly could she command herself enough to prevent her flying into his arms; but her sense of propriety prevailed. She gazed at him for a moment, and the carriage drove on. She threw herself on a chair; and, perhaps, at no moment of her life had she known such happiness. She had seen him; she knew



that he was well,—that he was almost within call,—that she could see him again in a moment. No doubt, no fear disturbed the sweet illusions which had taken entire possession of her mind. Ten years of sorrow were forgotten; and she saw nothing in the future prospect but peace, and joy, and everlasting love!

After a few minutes spent in this delightful dream, the waiter entered with the refreshments she had ordered, and Matilda ventured to ask, if the carriage which was just gone by did not belong to some of the Trelawney family.

"Yes, sure, Madam—to Sir William Trelawney, of Pen Tamar, one of the best gentlemen in the world. It is a nice smart new carriage. I believe he and Lady Mary are gone to return some wedding visits. Sir William has not been married above six weeks. There have been grand doings at Pen Tamar, and all the country is rejoicing, for every body loves him; and his friends were sadly afraid that he would never marry, he took on so for the loss of his first love."

It was happy that the waiter was no physiognomist, and knew not the pain he was

giving; but had he plunged a dagger into the heart of Matilda, it would have been less cruel. He soon quitted the room, and she was left to her own reflections. The untasted food stood on the table: she neither spoke nor shed a tear, but sat, fixed as a statue, in motionless grief. I will not attempt to describe the agony of her mind until a shower of tears came to her relief. The trial was great; but she had recovered some degree of firmness and composure, when the door opened, and Mr. Hamilton entered the room. His astonishment was beyond description. He knew her instantly: indeed he could not do otherwise, for she never appeared more lovely; and though the first bloom of youth was gone, its loss was fully compensated by the dignity and elegance, the spirit and animation of a mind which knows its own powers, and illuminates every varying expression of the countenance. The joy which Mr. Hamilton expressed at seeing her thus miraculously restored,—the tears which he gave to the memory of her father,—the warmth of friendship with which he welcomed her return, and the ardour with which he offered his best services in

future,—awakened in the gentle heart of Matilda a sensation of pleasure which seemed to have been lost. She felt the comfort of kindness and confidence; and answered his anxious enquiries by a short account of all that had hapened to her since she left England, and of the circumstances which had induced her to return, without informing any of her friends, except Mrs. Saville, that she still lived.

The pleasure with which Mr. Hamilton listened to her story could not conceal very different feelings; and at last he exclaimed, "O, would to Heaven this could have been known only six months sooner!"

"I understand you, my excellent friend; and had *I* known a little sooner what I have now accidentally learned, I would have spared you and myself the pain of meeting, only to part again for ever: but, since we have met, I will conceal nothing from you. I came here with the hope of seeing Sir William Trelawney, and I intended to ask your assistance to acquaint him with my return to England: but what I have just heard leaves me only one request to make, which is, that you will give me your most

solemn promise, that nothing shall ever induce you to tell him that Matilda Heywood exists, until you shall receive my permission to do so. I shall leave Plymouth in a few hours, and go to reside in a very distant part of the kingdom; and I most earnestly entreat that no human being may know from you that I still live."

"You will go, then, without seeing Sir William?"

"For the world I would not see him *now*. I might perhaps disturb the happiness which I would sacrifice my life to promote!"

Her voice faltered, and, in spite of all her resolution, she burst into tears.

"O, could he have had but the most distant hope that you still lived!—But it is too late to think of that. You are too generous to blame him, or those friends who pressed him to marry, of whom I confess that I was one."

"Blame him, Mr. Hamilton! Heaven forbid that I should be capable of such injustice! O no!—May the happy object of his choice prove far more worthy of it than I am; and may she love him,—as I shall do for ever!"

"I will confess to you, Madam, that I do not wish you to see him now: I wish him to be spared such a trial."

Mr. Hamilton said all that friendship could suggest to soothe and comfort the lovely mourner, but without attempting to turn her thoughts from the only subject which could then occupy them. He answered all her anxious enquiries, and told her every circumstance in relation to Sir William which she could wish to know, concealing only the tender attachment which he still felt for her memory. Of this he wished her now to be ignorant; but he soothed her feelings by dwelling on the great and good qualities of the object of her choice, told her all that he had done and suffered for his king and country, and what he was then doing to promote the happiness of all around him. The remainder of the day was spent in a conversation highly interesting to both; and when Mr. Hamilton rose to take his leave, after solemnly repeating his promise of inviolable secrecy, he requested her permission to write to her sometimes, as he must ever feel most affectionately interested in her happiness. This

proposal was gratefully accepted, and Matilda did not disguise the satisfaction she should feel in thus hearing of Sir William; but she told Mr. Hamilton, that she thought concealment now so necessary, that, to prevent the possibility of a discovery by the direction on his letters to her, it was her intention to assume another name. She was going into Yorkshire, where she was unknown to every human being except Mrs. Saville; and, in future, she would call herself by the name of Johnson, which could awaken no curiosity, as it was too common to be noticed. To this Mr. Hamilton assented; and, with prayers for her future happiness, and earnest entreaties that she would command his services whenever they could be useful, he took his leave, promising to see her in the morning. He did so, and found her calm and serene, though deeply afflicted. He assisted in arranging her journey; and having obtained a promise of hearing from her as soon as possible after her arrival in Yorkshire, he conducted her to the carriage, and, with prayers and blessings, committed her to the care of Providence.

CHAP. XV.

"Oh! who can tell the triumphs of a mind
By truth illumined and by taste refined!"

ROGERS.

MANY and great were the sorrows which, at different periods of life, Matilda Heywood was called to encounter; but never was her firmness put to so severe a trial as at the moment which I have been describing. When every difficulty appeared to be removed, and every idea of happiness which her imagination could form seemed to be within her grasp, in an instant all had vanished as a dream! Even her existence must now be concealed from Trelawney,—even his friendship must now be denied her. Had she but arrived in England only a few months sooner,—he then was all her own: now, bound by the most sacred of all vows to another, they must never—never meet again. She was returned to her native country,—to the scene of her early

happiness. But what did it now present to her? Deprived of the best of parents, and of almost every friend, and obliged to conceal herself under a borrowed name, she was to relinquish the fond hope which, during ten years of banishment, in every varied scene of misery, had still told her that her William was faithful,—that he might be hers at last. The picture still wore the same smile; but, while she bathed it with her tears, she felt that she was invading the rights of another. That smile now illumined the cheerful board at which a happy wife presided; and, if a thought of his Matilda ever disturbed his peace, he must now *wish* to drive it from his mind!

During a long and very difficult journey, she had much time for reflection. Many were the sleepless nights and miserable days which she passed in solitary woe, before she was capable of looking forward, and considering the prospect of her future life with the firmness and resignation of a Christian; but that time came at last, and she resumed all the dignity of her exalted character. The virtue of Matilda Heywood was not merely the result of natural good

dispositions, of tranquil nerves, an even temper, or freedom from any strong emotions. Her feelings were uncommonly acute. Her lively imagination heightened every picture of happiness or misery which the changing scenes of life presented to her view; but her feelings were regulated by principle—her passions were subdued by religion. From infancy she had been taught the self-command which, without lessening sensibility, always directs it aright. She saw the hand of Providence in every event; and she relinquished the hope which she had so long and so fondly cherished, with deep affliction indeed, but with humble resignation. It only remained to consider what duties she might still perform, what comforts she might still hope to enjoy, in a far different situation from that which had been the object of her wish, but in a state where at least her remaining pleasures would not be embittered by self-reproach. No guilt, no imprudence of her own, had dashed from her lips the untasted cup of happiness: it was not the will of Heaven that she should enjoy it—and let Heaven's high will be done! To be happy seemed impossible; but was it

therefore impossible to be useful? Might she not still live for others, though the world presented only a dismal blank to herself? Her fortune, indeed, was so small that it would scarcely procure the necessaries of life; but her time, her talents, might still be employed in doing good. She had still one friend, and to her she would devote her attention. Some humble virtues might be practised,—something might be done to serve or assist her fellow-creatures. If she could not herself be happy, she could still enjoy the delight of seeing that others were so. To the great Disposer of all events she resigned her future life. It was not his will that it should be happy in the way that she had hoped; but still she trusted that he would never leave nor forsake her; and, though her path was strewed with thorns, yet faith, and hope, and humble resignation would teach her patiently to pursue it, till, through the gate of death, it should lead to everlasting bliss!

After a tedious and fatiguing journey, Matilda arrived at the little village of Longford, in Yorkshire, where she was received by Mrs. Saville with heartfelt pleasure, and

with the warmest expressions of affection and esteem. She presented her to Mr. Saville as her first and dearest friend; and he seemed anxious, by every attention in his power, to prove that her merits were not unknown to him. A few lines from Plymouth had led her friends to expect her, and prepared them for her intended change of name. They were already acquainted with the circumstance which made it necessary; though their distance from Plymouth had prevented their hearing of Sir William's marriage till it was concluded; for in those days no mail-coach fulfilled the lover's *modest* wish, and annihilated time and space to make him happy,—no Morning Post conveyed to every part of the kingdom the intelligence that a treaty of marriage was on foot between Sir William Trelawney, and the Right Honourable Lady Mary D——. Mrs. Saville's distress at hearing of this event, when she was in daily expectation of the arrival of her friend, may be easily imagined; but, after a few hours spent in unavailing regret, Matilda requested that the subject might be mentioned no more. She wished and endeavoured to turn her thoughts to other things; and, if she could

not succeed in this, she had sufficient resolution to conceal her feelings. She was again the pleasing companion, the tender and affectionate friend, the guardian of the poor, the delight and admiration of all. If a few tears often fell on the picture of Trelawney, they were concealed from every eye. If a fervent prayer was offered for his happiness, that prayer was heard by no human ear. Even Mrs. Saville was surprised at the composure and cheerfulness which concealed her inward woe, while on her lovely and expressive countenance

"Departing Sorrow's faint and fainter trace,
Gave to each charm a more attractive grace."*

Mr. Saville was in possession of a small estate, which he had greatly improved by his skill in agriculture. His house was not large, but neat and convenient. It was situated at the entrance of a village, in which all the cottagers were his tenants. In the early part of his life he had travelled into most parts of Europe: he had seen and read much; and an excellent understanding

* Hayley.

had received every advantage that could be gained from the best society, both at home and abroad. He was a scholar and a gentleman; and, after a life of much active exertion, he had retired to his paternal estate and his books. He had been some years a widower, when, being on a visit to a friend near Oxford, he first saw Miss Wilkinson, and, after a short acquaintance, he made proposals, which were accepted. They were very happy in each other; and a few weeks before the arrival of Matilda, Mr. Saville's only remaining wish had been gratified, and he had become the happy father of a very fine boy, who was the darling of both his parents. Having had the misfortune to lose several children during his former marriage, and being now far advanced in life, he considered the birth of this child as the happiest event that could befal him; and the joy which it occasioned in the village was still visible when our fair traveller first appeared there. She could always command her own feelings, and almost forget her own sorrows, to rejoice in the prosperity of her friends; and the pleasure with which she witnessed Mrs. Saville's happiness, would

sometimes suspend for a moment the sad recollection of her own very different situation.

After a few weeks spent under Mr. Saville's hospitable roof, Matilda resisted all their entreaties that she would prolong her visit, and fixed on an humble lodging in a neighbouring cottage, which she soon made a comfortable residence. Though her income was very small, she determined to live in a home of her own, not wishing to accept pecuniary obligations, even from Mr. and Mrs. Saville; but she agreed to his proposal of taking her little fortune, and paying her an annuity. This was a mutual accommodation; and, as she had no relations who had any claim whatever on her property, there could be no objection to her adopting this method of increasing it during her life. She had two small rooms, which her elegant taste furnished, at little expense, with all that was requisite for comfort. Mr. Saville supplied her with books: his lady presented her with a musical instrument. Her pencil afforded an exhaustless fund of amusement. The daughter of a poor widow, with whom she lodged, acted as her servant; and Matilda took great delight in forming her

mind, and teaching her whatever might be of use in her humble station. In Mr. Saville's house, where she was always a welcome guest, she found society well suited to her taste. He drew round him all the men of sense and learning who came within his reach; and, when they were alone, his own stock of knowledge appeared to be inexhaustible. In Mrs. Saville, Matilda found the same kind and affectionate friend whom she had long loved, and in her little infant she had an object of almost maternal tenderness. Deprived of those to whom she had been most fondly attached, all the affections of her warm heart were now drawn to this family, and it was her principal study and delight to add to their happiness by numberless little attentions, which are paid by those alone who can forget themselves to think only of their friends.

The first year of Matilda's residence in Yorkshire was distinguished by no remarkable events. She kept her promise to Mr. Hamilton; and, during many years, she occasionally wrote to him, and had the satisfaction of receiving some information on the subject which was always nearest to her

heart. From him she knew that Sir William Trelawney was united to an amiable woman, and that his life was devoted to the exercise of every virtue. Every remarkable event of his public and private history was told her by Mr. Hamilton; and she still shared in all his joys and sorrows. Proud of her choice, she listened with enthusiasm to the voice of just applause, which was loud in his praise; and the tear which then fell on his picture was followed by a smile.

CHAP. XVI.

"Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time! whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame, is mine!"

BEATTIE.

MATILDA wrote to Henriette de Clairville soon after her arrival at Longford; and the style of her letter, with the account of her having fixed on a residence there, would have been sufficient to convince her friend that the hope which led her to England had ended in disappointment, even if she had not accidentally learned that Sir William Trelawney was united to another. The Comte was still attentive to all her concerns, and the news of this event had revived all his hopes. He had resisted the solicitations of his friends, and was still unmarried; and, in the midst of all the pleasures which wait on rank and fortune, in the most brilliant court

of Europe, he had never forgotten Matilda Heywood. Too delicate to disturb the first emotions of sorrow, he suffered a few months to elapse before he attempted to renew his addresses; but, in the beginning of the year 1653, Matilda received a letter from Henriette, of which the following is a translation:—

"I had anxiously wished to hear from you, my dear friend; but your last letter is not calculated to afford unmixed satisfaction to those who are ever tenderly interested in your happiness; for it appears to be written under the influence of melancholy, of which I easily guess the cause. Yet think me not selfish or unfeeling, if, while I from my heart lament that you cannot be happy in the way you wished, I venture to appeal from disappointed love to the cool decision of your excellent understanding, and to ask if the noble mind of my Matilda will yield to hopeless sorrow? Let me entreat you calmly to consider all that I venture to suggest on a subject which, till now, delicacy has restrained me from naming. Clairville still loves you with the same ardour; and, during many years of absence, the sincerity of

his attachment has been proved by his determined resolution not to marry till you should be the wife of another. He, surely, is not unworthy of your esteem; and his faithful love gives him some claim on the gratitude of such a heart as my friend possesses. Allow me, however, to reason on this subject with a view to your own situation only, and without thinking of his; for, dear as he is to me, I would not purchase his happiness at the expense of yours. Your heart was formed for tenderness: your mind is enriched with virtues which should adorn the wife and the mother—which should be an example and a blessing to the world. Must these virtues be wasted in solitude and obscurity? Must that exalted mind be a prey to useless sorrow, because it is not the will of Heaven that you should be united to the first object of your choice? Many are the sorrows which meet us in the course of the happiest life;—many are the slights which a friendless unprotected female must experience, when youth and beauty are gone. Why will you encounter these difficulties? Why will you brave the evils of poverty, and drag through life a

useless existence, when a man, to whom your happiness is far dearer than his own, offers you all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? He would place you in a situation where your talents and virtues would be seen in all their lustre. His faithful love would shield you from every sorrow: his watchful tenderness would guard you from every danger. He does not expect the devoted attachment which you felt for his envied rival: give him your friendship,—regard him with the esteem which he deserves,—only allow him to make *you* happy, and *he* will be so in doing it. Do not, I entreat you, return a hasty answer to this letter. Consider every circumstance of his situation and your own. Think of all the sorrows, the slights, the neglect, which attend a single life. Your spirits, already depressed, will perhaps be unequal to trials which are not the less formidable for being unnoticed by the world. When that beauty, which now commands universal admiration, shall yield to time; when a narrow fortune shall prevent your seeking the pleasures of society,—will you not then wish for a sympathising friend, whose rank and fortune would place you

above the malice of an unfeeling world—who would raise you to a station which you are formed to adorn, and in which the charms of your mind would command admiration, when those of your person shall have passed away? What extensive good might be done with a large fortune, when placed under your direction! How many might you then make happy! Your Clairville would imitate the virtues which he almost adores; and, if I may venture to name my own wishes, your Henriette would be happier than any other circumstance in this world can ever make her. I know that my brother meditates an excursion to England, in order once more to lay his heart and his fortune at your feet; but I have ventured, without his knowledge, to take this method of learning your sentiments in regard to him; for, if you are resolved to reject his suit, I earnestly wish to prevent his ever seeing you more. But, my dearest friend, let me flatter myself that you will allow me to encourage the hopes which he builds on the ardour and constancy of his attachment, and that you will permit me to add the name of sister to that of friend.

"HENRIETTE DE CLAIRVILLE."

To this letter Matilda returned the following answer:—

"Could you, dear Henriette, read the heart of your friend, and know the feelings with which your last letter was received, you would, I hope, be convinced that I am not ungrateful. Never can I cease to feel that to your generous brother and to yourself I owe my life; and if, by the sacrifice of that life which you preserved, I could prove my sense of this obligation, I think I should not hesitate to offer it. Even this obligation is the smallest part of what I owe to you and to my noble-minded—my amiable protector. No day of that life which you saved can, I hope and believe, ever close without my entreating that Great Being, who takes on himself the debts of the unfortunate, to reward and bless you! Dear and ever-valued friend, can you forgive me, if, while thus acknowledging all I owe, I at the same time implore you never more to mention a request which you tell me is important to your happiness?—though Heaven only knows how dear your happiness is to me. Hear me, I entreat you, with your

usual candour: attend to a faithful account of the state of my mind—forgive and pity me! Believe me when I assure you that I am not insensible to the merits of your excellent brother. I think him one of the best and noblest of men; and I consider my having ever given him one moment's pain as one of the greatest misfortunes of my life; but, my Henriette, as I am situated, it is impossible that I can make him happy. Mine is not a common attachment. I never remember a time when all my ideas of happiness in this world were not connected with Trelawney; and never—never can I love another as I have loved him. The warm and affectionate heart of Clairville could never be satisfied with a reluctant hand: this is not the return due to his generous and ardent attachment. Shall I offer him a heart in which Trelawney still reigns without a rival? Shall I be persuaded to do what my feelings,—my reason,—my principles condemn? Shall I kneel at the sacred altar to vow love to one man while my heart is devoted to another? Never!—never! O, my friend! let me entreat you to convince your brother that this reso-

lution is unalterable! It rests on a firm conviction of what honour and conscience require, and it never can be shaken. If the gratitude which I feel to my noble-minded protector — if affection for you — cannot change this resolution, I need not surely tell you that no other arguments can have any weight. I know the value of rank and fortune, and feel the inconveniences which attend on friendless poverty; but no considerations of this nature can move me. I have seen enough of the world to have lost the romantic expectations of happiness which I once felt; but I view my situation in it without terror. I view it as the appointed path to the regions of eternal bliss; and though that path be strewed with thorns, it is — it must be short. But I still hope to enjoy many blessings in my pilgrimage through this world. I cannot say that the situation of a single woman appears to me in the formidable light in which you view it. It must be a very *little* mind which can be hurt at the impertinence of fools, or feel itself degraded by the ridicule of those whose esteem would scarcely appear worth its ac-

ceptance. I should blush for the dignity of virtue, if our happiness really depended on what is in itself so worthless and so despicable. But surely, my friend, if a woman acts properly, in any situation in which Providence is pleased to place her, she will— she must be respected. If age will assume the dress, and ape the follies of youth;—if the superannuated beauty will continue to haunt every public assembly, or only exchange vanity and affectation for peevishness and ill humour,—such a woman must be always ridiculous and contemptible: but, if sense and virtue remain when beauty is gone, and the pleasures of books and refined conversation be substituted for the usual amusements of youth, such a woman will not be an object of contempt, only because a single life was her choice. And why must she be useless in the world? Even poverty, which confines the exertions of beneficence, does not wholly restrain them. It is not with money alone that the sorrows of life are removed; and a heart which really feels for others can never want opportunities to exercise its charity, in such a world as this.

The freedom from domestic duties, the leisure which a single life affords, may open a wide field for the exercise of benevolence. The pleasures of friendship, of taste, of literature, of piety, may be enjoyed at every period and in every situation of life. I do not deny that the happy wife and mother is placed in a far more useful,—in a far more enviable situation. I will own that such was the happiness on which *my* heart was fixed; but Heaven — perhaps in mercy — denied it! It is not in this state of trial that we are to expect unmixed felicity: our business here is to form our minds in the school of affliction, and make them fit for the happiness of a better world. My dear friend, I have opened my heart to you without disguise: pity its weakness, and forgive its failings. For ever devoted to one object, I have no heart to give to another; and never will I make a vow which I feel that I cannot perform. I do not mean that I could not perform the duties of a wife. Esteem and gratitude, as well as principle, would secure my conduct. Believe me, my Henriette, his happiness is one of the first wishes

of my heart, though it has lost its own. Do not hate the unfortunate disturber of his peace. O! do not let me lose your friendship, though I cannot fulfil your generous wishes. Could you see the tears which have fallen on this paper, you would believe me when I assure you, that only one human being is more dear than my Henriette to her ever affectionate

"MATILDA HEYWOOD."

As a faithful historian of the life of Matilda, it is my duty to give this letter as she wrote it; though I fear that her conduct in this instance will not meet with general approbation. On this subject I will only say, that the letter had the effect which the writer wished. It put an end to the hopes of the Comte, without robbing her of his esteem, or of the friendship of his sister, which continued uninterrupted through life. In the course of the next year, Matilda had the pleasure of hearing that the Comte de Clairville was married, with every prospect of happiness; and her wishes on that subject were confirmed by

many letters which she afterwards received, from which she had the satisfaction of knowing, that the virtues both of the brother and of the sister were rewarded by a larger share of prosperity through life than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

CHAP. XVII.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, tho' Fortune aim her deadliest blow."
BEATTIE.

AFTER two years passed in the tranquil enjoyments which I have described, interrupted only by some months' residence at York, which was then the London of the northern counties, and afforded the best and most elegant society, Mr. Saville was called to town by business of importance, and with much reluctance left his peaceful home, and his beloved wife and child, though with the hope and expectation of returning in a few weeks.

At the close of a fine day in November, after Mrs. Saville had seen her lovely boy safely placed in his little bed, she agreed to spend the evening with Matilda. Whilst the child was awake, he engaged much of

the attention of both these amiable friends. He could now entertain them with his little attempts at conversation; and Matilda seemed almost as much interested as his mother in every circumstance which, in their partial eyes, appeared to promise great sweetness of disposition as well as good sense. Perhaps the name of William, which he inherited from his grandfather, made him still more dear to her; but, from whatever cause it proceeded, such was her fondness for this lovely child, that Mr. Saville often told her, with a smile of gratitude and pleasure, that the boy would not be able to discover which was his mother. When he was laid to sleep, the remaining hours of the evening were usually devoted to books; and (in the absence of Mr. Saville) Matilda was reading one of the plays of Shakspeare, while Mrs. Saville was at work. It was near ten o'clock, when the stillness and sweet tranquillity of the scene was interrupted by very unusual noises in the village. They heard some hasty footsteps before the house, and presently distinguished the cry of fire. They started from their seats, and were running to the door, when they were

met by a girl who was usually employed to watch the little William whilst he slept, who, rushing into the room, in a state of terror which deprived her of all prudence, cried out, "The house is on fire!" Where is my child?" exclaimed the terrified mother.—"O! he is burnt—he must be burnt!" Mrs. Saville gave a loud shriek, and dropped senseless on the floor. Matilda, who never on any occasion lost her presence of mind, called to the girl to take care of her mistress, and flew to the scene of horror. She saw the flames through a window on the second floor, but it was not the room in which the child slept. Five or six persons were before the door; and Robert the gardener was hastily bringing a ladder. "Where is the child?" cried Matilda; "has nobody saved him?" Robert told her the stairs were on fire; but he would get in at the window, and hoped to save him. He tried the ladder, but it was too short. "It is impossible!" cried he; "I cannot reach the window."—"Could you catch him if he were thrown out to you?"—"Yes, certainly."—"Then go up the ladder, and wait a moment." Matilda flew like

lightning to the house, and up the stairs. Every voice cried out, "Stop—stop: you must be killed!" She found the house full of smoke, and the upper part of the staircase dreadfully illuminated by the flames which burst out under the roof; but they were far above her head. She ran into the room, threw open the window, and seizing the sleeping boy on his little bed, called to Robert to catch him. He did so, and she saw him safe in his arms. "O! carry him instantly to his mother."

Then, and not till then, Matilda perceived the danger of her own situation. To escape from the window was impossible. She ran back to the stairs. They were still standing, but there was not a moment to lose. Just as she began to descend, a shower of sparks and burning straws fell from the roof, and in a moment she felt that she was on fire. She ran down to the top of the next flight of stairs, which were narrow and winding: her head and neck were all in a blaze. The pain and terror deprived her trembling limbs of strength: she missed the first step, and fell from the top to the bottom. Her leg

was bent under her and broken, and the fire had reached her gown: when several of the poor villagers, who had ventured into the house to her assistance, attempted to extinguish the flames with their coats, and at last succeeded. By this time Robert was returned, followed by Mrs. Saville, whose fears for her boy now gave place to anxiety for his generous preserver. The poor sufferer was carried, in tortures not to be described, to her own house, and put into bed, while an express was sent for a surgeon; but two hours of agony must pass before he could arrive. Her head, face, and neck were dreadfully burnt. Her lovely hair had been all in a blaze; and it was feared that she would never recover the use of her eyes. Her mouth had escaped, but all the upper part of her face and neck were in a state which left Mrs. Saville scarcely a hope that her life could be saved. Her terrors were still increased, when the surgeon, after examining the leg, declared it to be a compound fracture, and found it so much swollen that it could not be set. He proposed amputation; but Mrs. Saville, who had little confidence in his judgment, insisted on

waiting until a more skilful practitioner should arrive from York. A dreadful night preceded his arrival; and, when he examined the state of his patient, he had little comfort to give. He said the fever was so high that it was impossible she could live through the operation which had been proposed. He attempted to set the leg, and so far succeeded that her sufferings were lessened; but she never recovered the use of it. Under the skilful management of this gentleman, the effects of the fire were, after many months of very severe pain, by degrees removed; but her sufferings from the fracture were much more lasting. During many years, she was constantly attended by a surgeon, and underwent several painful operations to extract splinters of the bone; and after his attendance was become no longer necessary, she was still unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch, and continued in that state through life. Her health was greatly injured by this long confinement; and her life, from the time of this fatal accident, was spent in almost constant suffering.

The fire had been occasioned by a spark,

which fell on some linen placed too near the chimney, in Mrs. Saville's bed-chamber. The room was small; and the flames soon communicating with the curtains of the bed, the whole was in a blaze. The nursery-maid, having put the child to bed, had dropped asleep in his room; but was awakened by the smoke, which filled every part of the house. She ran to the door and saw the flames, which already were making their way to the roof. She might then have saved the child, but she thought only of herself; and, running down stairs, she spread the alarm in the village by her cries, and then ran to tell her mistress. No other person was at that moment in the house. The gardener, who slept over the stable, was alarmed by the cries of the nursery-maid, and ran directly to give all the assistance in his power: he tried to ascend the stairs; but seeing the flames, he thought it better to attempt saving the child, and the most valuable effects, by a ladder placed at the window.

After Robert had, by the assistance of Matilda, saved the little boy, and delivered him to his mother, and after he had con-

veyed the unfortunate sufferer to her own house, he united his efforts with those of his poor neighbours to save some of the furniture, the plate, and papers of value. Every thing of that kind being in a store-room on the ground-floor, the loss of property was comparatively small; though the house was completely burnt, the outward walls only remaining. Mrs. Saville procured an apartment in a neighbouring farm-house for her servants and child, but devoted all her time and attention to her suffering friend.

The account which Mr. Saville received of the misfortune in his family hastened his return to Longford; where he had the satisfaction of finding his wife and child safe, and his pecuniary loss much less than he had expected. To him, as well as to Mrs. Saville, all other misfortunes appeared inconsiderable, when compared with the agonies which, during many months, were endured by the heroic preserver of their darling child. Their gratitude was unbounded; and Mr. Saville, wishing to express it in every possible way, earnestly pressed her acceptance of an annuity, of

more than double the value of that which he already paid to her. But Matilda declined all pecuniary obligation, except a small sum to pay the expense incurred during the first months of her confinement.

When her health was sufficiently restored to admit of her leaving her room, she endeavoured to arrange a plan for the remainder of her life, which might reduce her expenses within her income, and still leave her some power of doing good. It seemed probable that she would never be able to walk again, and that her life must in future be a state of much suffering; but she determined, if posssible, still to make it useful to others. By degrees she recovered some use of her eyes, and the appearance of her face became less shocking. The loss of that beauty which had commanded universal admiration seemed to give her no concern; and, when Mrs. Saville lamented it, she said,—"Some years ago, I should perhaps have considered this as a great misfortune; but the only man whom I wished to please is for ever lost to me."—After some years, she was able occasionally to accompany her friends in their winter excursions to York;

when the charms of her mind still made her the delight of every society, though those of her person were gone. She could, however, enjoy conversation only in her own house, or in a very confined circle of friends; the state of her health making it impossible for her to bear any fatigue.

In the country, her time and thoughts were constantly employed in promoting the happiness of all around her. Mr. Saville had three sons, to all of whom Matilda was tenderly attached; and she took the principal part in the pleasing task of forming their infant minds, and sowing the seeds of every virtue. Her hours of leisure were spent in reading, or in working for the poor; and during twenty-seven years spent at Longford, her life was marked only by benevolent actions. Whenever the state of her health made it possible, she still continued to rise early, and the morning was devoted to the poor. By her directions, the widow with whom she lodged established a little school, at which the children of the village were taught to read and work. Matilda took this opportunity of instructing them in still more valuable knowledge. She

admitted them alternately to her own apartment, where she watched their gradual improvement, and taught them the principles of religion and morality. Her engaging manners made her little pupils always listen with pleasure to her instructions. She led them into conversation, and, by judicious questions, taught them to reflect on what they read. A little amusing story often conveyed a most important moral; and trifling rewards, bestowed with impartiality, contributed to fix attention, and stimulate industry. On Sunday the little flock attended her to the church; which was so near to her lodging, that she could walk there with the assistance of her maid; and she invited some of the good old people to her house in the evening, and read the Bible to those who could not have the comfort of reading it to themselves. She explained what seemed difficult, and enforced those duties which particularly belong to their station in life; while the example of patient suffering and humble resignation, which her conduct placed before their view, doubled the effect of her precepts on their minds. She was the confidant of all their sor-

rows—she settled all their disputes—she assisted in regulating their domestic concerns—she nursed them when they were sick,—and she taught them to apply for help, in all their troubles, to Him who is mighty to save.

Matilda's friendship with the Saville family was uninterrupted, and in all the joys and sorrows, which must necessarily mark such a long period of human existence, she always felt a tender interest. She saw her young friends grow up to maturity, and witnessed the good effects of the pains she had taken in their early education. William was always most gratefully attached to her; and after the death of his worthy father, which happened in the year 1674, she, as well as his own family, found in him the kindest of friends.

One more affliction still remained to complete the trials which this excellent woman was destined to sustain, and it was indeed deeply felt: this was the death of her beloved Mrs. Saville, who survived her husband only five years. This was a blow for which Matilda was not prepared, as the state of her own health had not led her

to expect that she should be the survivor. After the death of this dear and ever lamented friend, Matilda still continued the same course of life, the same exertions of active benevolence; but the hopes, which religion taught her to fix on a better world, were *now* the only support of her painful existence. Yet still she was not only patient, but cheerful. The charms of her conversation, and the respect which was universally felt for her character, procured her every possible attention from the neighbouring families; and the society which she still enjoyed, though not numerous, was select. She rejected no innocent pleasure which was still within her reach. She wished to promote the happiness of others, though her own was lost; and in the midst of poverty and affliction, of sickness and pain, when every earthly comfort seemed to fail, she still enjoyed that peace "which goodness bosoms ever,"—that peace, which this world can neither give nor take away!

Such was her situation, and such was the state of her mind, when she received from Mr. Hamilton, with whom she still

occasionally corresponded, an account of the death of Lady Mary Trelawney; and at his request, about six months after that event, she determined to encounter the fatigue of the journey, and to make herself known to her long lost friend. The circumstances which led to that discovery have been already related; and all the sorrows which had filled her eventful life were forgotten, when Matilda saw herself once more happy in the esteem and friendship of William Trelawney.

CHAP. XVIII.

"No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpassed;
Yet seem'd her lip's etherial charm the same; —
That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd!"

SHENSTONE.

I MUST acknowledge, that the joy which Sir William felt at again seeing his beloved Matilda was not entirely unmixed with very different feelings. Every man, who marries a young and beautiful woman, must, if he lives, see her changed; but the ravages of time are not perceptible from day to day; and if love survives, it gradually changes with its object, and though less violent, it is not less sincere. This will be attended with no pain or disappointment, if passion only gives place to esteem, and the charms of the mind improve, while those of the person decay. This, it must be confessed, is not always the case. The pas-

sionate admirer has too often adorned the object of his choice with imaginary virtues, which fade much sooner than her beauty; for, though Cupid is blind, Hymen is an excellent oculist; but no man could see such a change as was suddenly presented to the eyes of Sir William Trelawney, without very painful emotions. He had left Matilda Heywood lovely beyond description, for nature never formed more perfect beauty; and her light and elegant form, her lovely complexion, the sparkling lustre of her fine blue eyes, the angelic smile which played on her rosy lip, the flowing ringlets of auburn hair which hung on her snowy neck, — all were still as fresh in his recollection as immediately after the separation. He now saw a feeble and emaciated old woman, still elegant and graceful, but unable to rise from her chair without assistance; her fine eyes so injured by the fire as to be almost useless, her few remaining hairs completely grey, her complexion still delicately fair; but sickness, as well as time, had faded all the roses, and the fire had marked all the upper part of the face with an indelible scar. The hand, which he bathed with his tears,

was still white as snow, but it was wasted to a shadow. Matilda, whom I will now call Mrs. Heywood, had wished to lessen the shock which she knew he would feel; but he had read her letter with too much agitation, to attend to any thing except the name at the end. His own Matilda was restored, and forty years of absence were forgotten.

Such were the first emotions of Trelawney, and such was the disappointment which followed; but it was soon succeeded by very different feelings. Reason corrected the errors of imagination, and if he was less a lover, he was more than ever a friend. Every hour showed new charms in the mind of this accomplished woman; who had gained, much more than she had lost, by the lapse of time, and in the school of affliction. Her understanding was uncommonly fine, and, under the direction of her excellent father, it had been cultivated with the greatest care; but, when she was separated from Sir William, she had never been thirty miles from home; and the attention to family cares, which a narrow fortune required, had not left much time for read-

ing, before she was twenty years of age. *Now* he found a mind adorned with every elegant accomplishment, as well as enriched with every virtue. Mrs. Heywood had seen and read much, and she had reflected more. In her society Sir William found an inexhaustible fund of instruction and delight. The purest taste, the noblest sentiments, expressed in the most elegant language, in the most harmonious tone of voice, in a manner so irresistibly fascinating, that, while he heard her converse, it was impossible to remember that she was no longer handsome. But she had still higher claims to the friendship and esteem of such a man as Sir William. Her unaffected piety, her pure benevolence, her temper always regulated by reason and religion, her patience in a state of much suffering, and her constant attention to his happiness, when a less noble mind would have dwelt only on its own misfortunes,—all contributed to raise his attachment to the most enthusiastic veneration. Never had he known such happiness as in her society. Lady Mary was good and gentle, but a very uninteresting companion: her educa-

tion, according to the fashion of the times, had not been very extensive, and her reading went no further than Baker's Chronicle, and a few books of devotion. She wished Sir William to read to her during the winter evenings, because it gave him pleasure, and because it saved her the trouble of talking, and left her more at liberty to attend to her cross-stitch. He sometimes looked up, after reading one of the finest passages in Macbeth or Othello, to witness its effect on his fair companion, and found her, in undisturbed tranquillity, counting the rows, with a laudable wish to avoid any mistake in the half-finished peacock. But his most admired authors acquired new charms when he read them with Mrs. Heywood. She pointed out unobserved beauties in his Shakspeare. She shared all the enthusiasm with which he read the sublime, but then neglected, pages of the immortal Milton. Religion itself appeared more lovely when she painted its charms. He saw it animate every action of her life. Without superstition, without enthusiasm, severe to herself and indulgent to others,

she seemed to view this world and its inhabitants, from —

> " A height sublime —,
> Above the fogs of sense, or passion's storms."
> YOUNG.

Sir William's hospitable mansion was always open to his friends; and though Mrs. Heywood did not give up her humbler residence, she was frequently persuaded to join the party at Pen Tamar; where she was revered and beloved by every individual who composed it. To young Harry, whom she tenderly loved, she contrived to make her conversation so pleasant, that he never seemed more happy than with her. Every day he filled the little basket with the best fruits that the garden afforded, and anxiously watched the progress of the cherries and the apricots, not for his own sake, but for hers. If she wished to walk, Harry's arm was always ready to support her,—if she had any message to send, he flew to obey her commands. He watched the gradual improvement in her health; and his eyes sparkled with delight, when he told his father that he hoped he should lead

Mrs. Heywood from the house to the grove before he went to school; for she walked a little better every day. The grove was at the end of some beautiful pleasure ground, and much further from Pen Tamar than from Rowley's cottage. But Mrs. Heywood was still more anxious than Harry to attain this object of his ambition; and she promised to attempt it, if she should be tolerably well, the evening before he was to return to school.

Sir William Trelawney's liberality was unbounded; and it was supported by a splendid fortune, which it was his constant endeavour to lay out to the best advantage; but after Mrs. Heywood assisted in the distribution of his charity, he found that the sum-total of happiness which he bestowed was increased beyond all calculation. She thought of so many ways of doing good,—she found out so many little comforts for the poor,—she entered into all their feelings with so much kindness,—she pointed out to them the advantages of industry, the duty of resignation, and its glorious reward in a better world, with such irresistible eloquence, that the poor

sufferers looked up to her as to a guardian angel, sent from heaven to comfort them. The peasants of Devonshire and Cornwall are, I think, particularly sensible of kindness, and disposed to attachment and gratitude. Without servile flattery, or awkward shyness, they tell you their little affairs, or offer any thing they have to give, with a sort of friendly confidence which is very engaging; —

> "For never any thing can be amiss,
> When simpleness and duty tender it."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

They will join a stranger in his walk, enquire if they can be of any use, and enter into conversation with freedom, but never with impertinence. "So man and man *should* be;" but it is not always thus. With such dispositions on both sides, Mrs. Heywood soon became the friend and confidant of all the neighbourhood.

Mr. Hamilton, the constant and faithful friend of his patron, was married to a very deserving wife,. and the happy father of a large and fine family. They were frequent guests at Pen Tamar, and most useful assist-

ants to Mrs. Heywood in all her schemes of charity. Mrs. Hamilton was well acquainted with the wants of every inhabitant of the village; — Mrs. Heywood pointed out the best means of relieving those wants; — Sir William's purse was always open, — and Harry and the young Hamiltons were never so happy as when employed to carry that relief to the poor sufferers. In such occupations, and in such enjoyments, passed the summer of the year 1680. Never had Sir William Trelawney known such happiness; and all who were in any degree connected with him shared his feelings, and united to bless the excellent woman whose presence spread perpetual sunshine on Pen Tamar.

CHAP. XIX.

"In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman!
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the rose!
So properly the object of affliction,
That Heav'n is pleased to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears."

YOUNG.

ONE morning, after a very cheerful breakfast at the cottage, during which Mrs. Heywood had declared that she felt herself gaining health and strength every day from the return of summer, and still more perhaps (she added with a smile) from the return of happiness, Sir William earnestly pressed her to accept his hand and his fortune as well as his heart. The proposal was made with much seriousness, but it was not received with the same solemnity; and Mrs. Heywood contrived to make the idea of going on crutches to be married so completely ridiculous, and to describe the emotions which it would awaken in the

spectators with so much humour, that Sir William was forced to join in the laugh, and the proposal was never repeated.

"No, my dear Sir William," continued Mrs. Heywood, "let me hear no more of matrimony; for I am determined to conquer your unreasonable prejudice against old maids; and I cannot consent to relinquish a character in which I hope to gain so much glory. Indeed I should not have a doubt of success, if I could once prevail with you to forget your aunt Rachel."

"Oh, my Matilda! how is it possible for me to forget all the sorrow she has occasioned to us both, — that she has robbed me of forty years of happiness with you!"

"Forty years of happiness! Alas, my friend, who, in this world of woe, ever enjoyed forty years of happiness? Many are the causes which might have destroyed it, though your aunt had never existed. But whatever reason you might have to dislike *her*, why should you condemn the whole sisterhood? why must you suppose that *all* old maids must of course be objects of aversion and contempt?"

"My dearest friend, how can it be other-

wise? A woman is unmarried at forty, because she is disagreeable; and she grows ten times more disagreeable, because she is unmarried. Having nothing to do in the world, she must do mischief; while the activity which should have been employed in educating her children, and making home pleasant to her husband, must be wasted in scandal or in cards, — in impertinence, or in ill-humour."

"Gently, my good Sir William, I beseech you; for I beg leave to deny every part of this charge. Many are the causes which may prevent a woman from marrying, though she may be far from disagreeable. The custom of society allows us no right but the right of refusal; and from my heart I honour and respect those who assert that right, and resolutely preserve their liberty, if they do not happen to receive proposals from a man whom they really prefer to all others. But it requires some courage to encounter the difficulties with which such women often struggle. Accustomed perhaps to ease and affluence, young women are often left, at the death of their fathers, to support the inconveniences at-

tending a very narrow fortune. Though brought up in every indulgence which wealth affords, they may not have enough to procure the comforts, to say nothing of the pleasures, of life. In such a situation, it surely proves a very superior mind to despise all the temptations which a rich lover may offer, rather than sacrifice honour and conscience by a false vow."

"Pshaw! most of them never had any offers at all, and would accept them fast enough if they had."

"And, if that is the case, the trial is perhaps still greater. Many women of sense and merit, may, for want of beauty or fortune, pass through life without attracting notice; but it does not follow that they do not deserve it. Many a modest unpretending being, too gentle for this rough world, is neglected and forgotten, though entitled to the highest esteem. Such women do not deserve contempt; and they ought not to experience it from a generous mind.

"Do you really think there are *many* such?"

"I do indeed; and many of a much superior class, who, far from being useless,

are engaged in the constant exertion of active benevolence: many who employ the leisure which a single life affords to cultivate their minds by reading and reflection: many who devote their time and thoughts to parents, sisters, friends, — to smooth the bed of sickness, or cheer the languor of age. I could bring examples of single women, equal in talents and in virtues to any of my married acquaintance, and who deserve and possess, in the highest degree, the respect and esteem of all who know them. But indeed, Sir William, women are often much to be pitied."

"When they resemble *you* they are to be almost adored; and no man living is more ready to allow their merits than myself, when they are what they ought to be."

"They would be so much oftener, if they were differently educated, and more generously treated. That very prejudice, which I wish to remove from your mind, destroys the happiness of thousands. Taught from infancy to consider marriage as the first of blessings, and the single life as a misfortune and a disgrace, a husband is the object of all their wishes, from the cradle

to the grave. If the child is attentive to her book, "she shall have a smart young husband;" if she is idle and stupid, "she will certainly be an old maid." With this association of ideas strongly impressed on her imagination, the young adventurer is sent to make her fortune. She is to dress, and dance, and sing, and play, not to please a man whom she loves, and whom she wishes to make happy through life, but to attract the notice of fifty men who are equally indifferent to her, with a determination to accept any one of the fifty who may happen to ask her, and thus avoid the disgrace of spinsterhood. If that wish be disappointed, she perhaps sinks into a sour, discontented, disagreeable old maid."

"Just so, my dear friend; you are describing exactly the being that I think so odious."

"But are you sure that the same being would be less so if she married? The same unfeeling, selfish character would make her equally odious as a wife or a mother. I must repeat it, my dear Sir William, the fault is in our education. Providence has given to most women talents, which ought

to be cultivated, and which would make them amiable in society, or happy in solitude; but, if they are from infancy taught to think that their only business in life is to be married, they will cultivate only the superficial accomplishments which attract notice, and neglect the virtues which should secure esteem. While this is the general state of society, the woman who has too much delicacy to practise these arts,—who endeavours to be happy by improving her mind, and despises the unfeeling ridicule of the world, — such a woman ought to be respected by every liberal mind."

"Well, my Matilda, I will endeavour to behave better for the future. I hope you will never hear me abuse the poor sisterhood any more; and as you are determined against matrimony, I believe I must make the *amende honorable* for past offences, by founding a nunnery, and making you lady abbess."

I shall be happy if my heroine should succeed as well with the generality of readers, and lead them, like Sir William, to renounce a very illiberal prejudice, which has been attended with consequences that every friend

to the female sex must regret. Had Mrs. Heywood lived in a period adorned by the talents and virtues which *now* command universal admiration, it would not have been difficult to prove that single women *may* be an honour and a blessing to the world; and that when they are really contemptible and ridiculous, it is generally owing to defective education, and the want of proper ideas of the true dignity and great importance of the female character.

As the part which women are intended to act in life is different from that which is assigned to men, I am inclined to believe that their mental, as well as bodily, powers are different, and that they are not in general more formed for the labours of the politician, the lawyer, or the mathematician, than for those of the soldier or the sailor. But if they have not the close application which is requisite for deep study, they have the quickness of apprehension which often supplies the want of it; and if, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions, they must yield the palm of literary fame to the other six, there are triumphs of much higher

importance to which they may with strict propriety aspire.

To the woman is committed the care of all that is most valuable in domestic society. She is the guardian of religion, of morals, of manners, of taste; of all that charms in private life, and is necessary to the happiness of every day. The modest dignity of a virtuous woman can silence the blasphemer, and make the libertine blush. To her particularly belong,

> "The gentle offices of patient love,
> Beyond all flattery, and all price above!"
>
> Mrs. H. More.

From her the indigent expect relief—to her the afflicted apply for consolation. If, as I readily allow, the delicacy of their organs makes females in general unfit for the deep study, as well as the active exertion necessary to form the statesman, the philosopher, or the hero, it is because they are not designed to act in these characters. But, on the other hand, if the superior delicacy of those organs gives them quickness of apprehension, refinement of taste, penetration into character, compassion for the

unfortunate, — if, when they are what they ought to be, they have more feeling, more tenderness, more patience, and more humanity, than men in general possess, — it is because Providence intended them to soften the harshness and calm the passions which continually disturb the peace of the world, and to heal the wounds which men too often inflict.

These are duties which belong to the single as well as to the married woman; and it should be the business of education to prepare their minds for the performance of them. They should be taught to know and feel their own importance in society, and to fulfil with dignity the part which Providence assigns to them. While thus employed, they will always be respected by all whose esteem is worth their acceptance; and only fools and profligates would venture to ridicule such an old maid.

CHAP. XX.

"Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms; — so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture!" AKENSIDE.

I HOPE it is not necessary to say, that the intended walk on the twentieth of June, from which Harry promised himself so much pleasure, was not the *first* visit which Mrs. Heywood had paid to the Grove; and I hope this, because nothing is so unpleasant to me, or tries my temper so much, as telling a story to those who will not attend enough to understand it. There are however some circumstances attending that visit, which the most sagacious reader can-

not discover without my assistance, and which therefore it is my duty to explain.

The Grove consisted of a very fine and venerable oak, under which was a bench, and of an extensive plantation of flourishing trees of various kinds, which Sir William had obtained his father's permission to place there, in the year 1640, when he spent the autumn at Pen Tamar. They stood on a little hill, which commanded one of the loveliest prospects that imagination can form; a rich and highly cultivated valley, through which the Tamar winds over broken rocks, till it reaches the wear-head, where it forms a small cascade; below which it gradually swells into a majestic river, and united with the Tavy and the St. Germains, forms the Hamoaze; from whence its waters, flowing under Plymouth dock-yard, bear into the ocean the bulwarks of the British empire. At Pen Tamar it is, however, only a small, but beautiful stream, bounded on one side by smiling meads, adorned with flocks and herds, and on the other by a majestic range of rocks, finely clothed with wood. At the foot of the hill on which stood the

Grove, was seen the little village; and on an opposite hill, of which the ascent was very steep, was placed the church. The Grove was at the utmost extent of the pleasure-ground, and nearly half a mile from the mansion-house; but much nearer to the cottage which Mrs. Heywood had hired of Mr. Rowley.

Such a spot as I have described had natural beauty enough to recommend it to Sir William Trelawney; but a circumstance of a different kind had made it particularly dear to him. He happened to be sitting under the great oak, in the summer of the year 1640, when he received from his servant a letter, in which he thought Matilda Heywood expressed, more clearly than she had ever done before, the affection which delicacy obliged her to endeavour to conceal, but which, he had every reason to hope, would make the union, which then occupied all his thoughts, almost as much the wish of her heart as of his own. Matilda's letter was only intended to express the friendship which she had been accustomed from childhood to acknowledge; yet Trelawney thought there was something in

its general terms so peculiarly affectionate, that the moment in which he received it seemed by far the happiest that he had ever experienced: and this awakened a wish to distinguish the spot by planting a grove, which in a few years became one of the most beautiful features in the landscape of Pen Tamar.

But, while the trees flourished in constantly increasing beauty, all Sir William's hopes were nipped in the bud. When he returned from his travels, he visited the Grove with very different feelings; but it was still raised to the memory of Matilda, and therefore no spot was so dear to him. When he took possession of his paternal estate, after his long imprisonment, he formed the Grove into many beautiful walks; and in the most sequestered spot he placed a little root-house, in which, during the rest of his life, he spent some of the most delicious hours that he could now experience. In the root-house he fancied that he met the shade of his Matilda. There he read her letters, which he had always carefully preserved; — there he pressed to his lips a ring which she had given him in the happy

days of childhood; — there he disengaged his thoughts from earth, and fixed them on that place where he trusted that his lost angel waited to receive him.

Lady Mary was not of a jealous disposition; and she was acqainted with the Grove before she had any thoughts of marrying its master. The patience with which she listened to the story of his early misfortunes, first gained the esteem and friendship, which her real merit secured. More ardent attachment was never promised by him or expected by her. She felt no fears of a rival who had been dead ten years, and the frequent visits to the Grove never gave her the smallest uneasiness.

When Mrs. Heywood was naturally led to enquire the situation of Pen Tamar, Rowley pointed out the Grove, as the favourite walk of the knight, from which she might see a very fine prospect, and which she might perhaps reach without much fatigue; and the wish of tracing Sir William's footsteps, and viewing a spot which his elegant taste had made particularly beautiful, induced her, with the assistance of her faithful Hannah, to attempt

the walk, when she knew that he was absent from Pen Tamar, though expected to return in the evening. This occurred on the day previous to that on which Rowley first named his lodger to Sir William, and at a time when Mrs. Heywood's thoughts were constantly employed in contriving the best means of making herself known to her long-lost friend; for which she intended to wait the return of Mr. Hamilton.

It was not without some difficulty that she reached the Grove; but the enchanting beauty of the scene made her rich amends. She viewed the trees which Sir William had planted, the seat where he usually sat, the lovely prospect on which he had often gazed with delight. At last her attention was drawn to a little winding path, amongst the trees, adorned with a profusion of the sweetest flowers. She pursued it only a few steps till it led to the root-house, which she entered; and, being much fatigued, she threw herself on a seat. The first object that met her eye was a tablet, on which were inscribed the following lines:—

" Guardian angel of the Grove,
My first, my last, my only love!

Though lost are all thy blooming charms,
Though death has torn thee from my arms,
Matilda, — still this heart of mine,
This faithful heart, is only thine!

The sighs, that speak my constant woe,
The bitter tears, which ceaseless flow,
The pangs, which love alone can feel,
The grief, which death alone can heal,
Shall prove that still this heart of mine,
Matilda, can be only thine!

And should my soul, by grief refin'd,
Its dearest hope to Heav'n resign'd,
In Sorrow's school be taught to rise
On Faith's bright pinions to the skies,
Matilda, then this heart of mine,
May hope to be for ever thine!

When death, misfortune's only friend,
When death shall bid my sorrows end;
Shall hush to peace my bursting sighs,
Shall gently close my streaming eyes;
Matilda, then this heart of mine,
Though cold in death, shall still be thine!

Guardian angel of the Grove,
My first, my last, my only love!
Oh lead me to that peaceful shore,
Where friends shall meet to part no more;
For then, this faithful heart of mine,
Matilda, shall be ever thine!

The emotions with which these lines were read by Mrs. Heywood, may be more easily imagined than described. It is only necessary to add, that the wish to prepare Sir William for a meeting, so unexpected on his part, induced her to write with a pencil under the concluding line of the inscription,—"Matilda lives!"

What followed is already known to the reader; and Mrs. Heywood, restored to health, paid her second visit to the Grove, with much less fatigue than the first, and with sensations which I leave the feeling heart to guess. Sir William and Harry had contrived a little treat of fruit in the root-house; and the affectionate heart of the amiable boy felt all the pleasure which he heard his friends express. Sir William, delighted with his attention to Mrs. Heywood, told him he had a proposal to make.—"If you can get the Greek prize on Michaelmas Day, my dear Harry, which, if you take pains, I think you will,—I invite you to come home for a week, and keep Mrs. Heywood's birth-day on the fifth of October. We will have another treat in the Grove, if the day is fine. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and their

young ones, shall be invited to meet us here. Matilda must promise to be well, and I will promise to be happy." The agreement was soon concluded, much to the satisfaction of all parties, and Harry ran to tell his friend the gardener, while the knight and Mrs. Heywood were left for a few minutes in the root-house. Her eyes were fixed on the tablet, and they were filled with tears. She laid her hand on Sir William's, and tried to smile,—"Matilda lives, my Trelawney, and lives to bless and thank you!"—"Friend of my soul! how many years of hopeless sorrow are overbalanced by this delicious moment!—Many are the afflictions which we have both endured since we parted: we may be called to suffer more; but, whatever be my future lot, I think I never can be unhappy while I can say to my faithful heart—Matilda lives!"

CHAP. XXI.

"When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?"

ROGERS.

HARRY returned to school, smiling through his tears when his father repeated his promise; and fully determined to do his part, in order to secure the performance of it.

Times of domestic, as well as of national, tranquillity afford few materials for history; and such was the summer of the year 1680, to the happy inhabitants of Pen Tamar; but it was filled with actions, which the guardian spirits of the good delight to record in that book, from whence many an unknown virtue will be made manifest to men and angels at the great day of account.—Mrs. Heywood appeared

to gain strength, as well as spirits, every day; and Sir William's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he witnessed the gradual improvement in her looks: while Hannah, with tears of joy instead of grief, told Mr. Rowley, that she had never hoped to see her dear lady so well in this world.

In a constant succession of useful occupations, and rational pleasures, every day appeared too short; and the autumn stole on imperceptibly, till a letter from Harry announced the happy news that he had gained the prize, and claimed the promised reward. The delighted father sent for him at the time appointed; and preparations were made to celebrate the birth-day, in a manner worthy of the occasion. Above fifty of the neighbouring poor were entertained at dinner in the hall; and some excellent cider was produced, in which the healths of Mrs. Heywood and the worthy knight were drank with heartfelt gratitude and joy. This ceremony being over by one o'clock, Sir William led his friend to the Grove; where all the best productions of the garden were prepared, under the direction of Harry, who was master of the feast;

and where the Hamilton family, and a small party of neighbours and friends, were assembled in honour of the day. The weather was remarkably fine: the rich autumnal tints added new charms to the noble woods of Pen Tamar: the sun shone brightly on the rocks; and every heart was gay.

Mrs. Heywood had supported the conversation with uncommon spirit, and, as usual, had delighted all who heard her; when, after more than an hour had been thus happily spent, Sir William, whose attention to his friend was never interrupted, saw her suddenly turn pale. He prevented her from falling by catching her in his arms; but she instantly fainted. Proper remedies were applied with success: she was carried to Sir William's house, from which he would not suffer her to be removed, though she was so much better in the evening, that she expressed her hope that this little attack had been only owing to more exertion than her weak spirits could support. A few days, however, gave her afflicted friend too much reason to fear that her illness was of a more serious nature. All her former

complaints returned with increased violence: her strength and appetite failed; and a physician, who had been immediately sent for, and who afterwards attended her constantly, confessed to Sir William that he feared medicine could do nothing; that her constitution was entirely worn out, and that he apprehended a confirmed and incurable atrophy.

It is painful to dwell on scenes of hopeless affliction. Every heart, which is capable of friendship, can form a stronger idea of Sir William's feelings than any words could convey. The sufferings of his beloved friend were very great; and they increased, during a long period of gradual decay. At times they were indeed beyond description dreadful; and they continued until all who were most attached to her, until even Sir William himself, who would have sacrificed his life to lessen those sufferings, had no wish left but for her release. Such was the state in which the mortal part of this admirable woman languished, during many months of agonising torture.

At a very early period of her illness,

Mrs. Heywood was convinced of her danger; and she had obliged her physician to acknowledge to her his opinion of the case. During many years of her life she would have quitted the world with little regret; but she was just restored to long-lost happiness,—she felt the grief of her friend! She had hoped to contribute to the comfort of his declining years,—she must now plunge him into the deepest affliction! She had desired to be left alone, after her conference with the physician. Many tender recollections crowded on her mind; and a few tears were given to friendship;—but they were the last. Whatever be the cause of grief, "to a Christian, the moment of reflection is the moment of consolation."*—To the great Disposer of all Events she resigned all her hopes of earthly happiness. From Him she requested assistance in every trial: from Him she hoped an eternity of bliss! She felt no support from pride,—from a wish of appearing insensible to pain and sorrow: she knew that she had much to suffer, in body and in mind; and humbly,

* Dr. Randolph.

on her knees, she asked His aid who could alone enable her to bear it.

To those who have tried the efficacy of such prayers, I appeal for the truth of an assertion which others have no right to dispute; while I venture to say, that none ever made that prayer (if it proceeded from an humble and pious heart) in vain. When we pray to be relieved from our distresses, we ask what our heavenly Father often in mercy denies; but, when we beg for strength to bear them, we ask what we shall certainly obtain. Child of sorrow, whoever thou art, do not lose sight of this great truth! It has been proclaimed in songs of triumph amidst the flames of persecution: it has been felt in tortures more dreadful, because more lasting, on the bed of death!

Mrs. Heywood having attained the composure she wished, desired to see Sir William. He approached her with a smile which ill concealed the anguish of his heart; but he could not speak. She gave him her hand: he pressed it to his lips, and burst into tears.—"My friend—my dearest friend," said the dying saint, "I sent for

you that I might endeavour to prepare your mind for a short parting—soon, I trust, to be followed by an eternal union."

"O my Matilda! were we allowed to enjoy a few months of happiness only that they might imbitter every remaining moment of my wretched life?"

"Not so, my dear Sir William: let us not make such an ungrateful return to the Author of all good. We have met to enjoy the sweet security that our friendship had remained unshaken in spite of absence;—to be convinced that our mutual esteem was just. We have met, that I might feel the delight of owing all my happiness in life, all the comforts which make sickness supportable, to your tender friendship; that you might enjoy the transport of relieving all my sorrows, of removing me from poverty and distress to ease and affluence. We must part, my William! but our separation cannot now be long. We shall not now be exposed to such distress as we have formerly felt. You will be left with many comforts, and I shall go where pain and sorrow are no more!"

"You speak as if you had no hope. Oh,

do not fancy that your health may not be restored, at least in some degree!"

"How long my life may be spared, God only knows. I may perhaps still enjoy some happy hours with you; but do not deceive yourself, my best friend; and above all do not endeavour to deceive me. Join your prayers with mine, that I may be enabled to bear my allotted portion of sufferings; but do not flatter me with the expectation of health or ease. No, my dearest William, this is not the comfort I want from you. Talk to me of a better world, where pain and grief will never enter; where we shall be for ever happy!—But I have distressed you too much. Leave me now, my dearest friend; we will meet at dinner. I shall be able to walk to the dining-room; and we must not disturb poor Harry's happiness during the short time he has to stay."

At dinner Mrs. Heywood appeared remarkably cheerful; and Harry left Pen Tamar the next morning, without any suspicion of the misfortune which was hanging over him. As such he would have considered it; for he was most sincerely attached to this excellent woman.

During the next six months her sufferings gradually increased, and they were at times almost insupportable. She was now unable to go to church; but she found great comfort in her pious and learned friend Mr. Hamilton, who read prayers, and administered the sacrament to her, and who was every way qualified to give the consolation which her state required; though he often declared that when he attended Mrs. Heywood he learned more than he taught, and that he hoped always to be the better for such a glorious example of patience and resignation.

In the evenings, she still found pleasure in hearing Sir William read; and, when her sufferings were not very severe, her remarks showed that her fine mind was still the same. One evening, early in March, when they were thus employed, Mrs. Heywood stopped him, and said she was sorry to lose what was always her greatest pleasure, but she felt that she could not attend to the book; and added, "My head is strangely confused to-night. Do not read any more, my dear Sir William; but come and sit by me on the

couch." He did so. She gave him her hand, and he found it hot and feverish, and her pulse extremely high. He persuaded her to go to bed, and he sent for the physician,—who found her very ill, though not, as he thought, in immediate danger; but, as far as her friends could judge, it might have been happy if it had been so; for what she suffered during the three following weeks was beyond description dreadful, and it appeared astonishing that her weak frame could support them so long. During all these sleepless nights, and days of agony, no impatient word ever escaped her lips. Always gentle and resigned, thankful for every attention from her friends; anxious to prevent her attendants, and particularly Sir William and her faithful Hannah, from injuring their health by too much watching;—no sufferings could change the angelic sweetness of her disposition. At times the pain occasioned delirium. She was then often talking of her father, and said he was waiting for her on the other side of the water. Then she would seize Sir William's hand, and entreat him to go with her.—"Do not let me lose you again,

my William! Oh, you know not how I have loved you!—Will you not go with me to my father?" But even when reason was gone, religion remained; and there never was a moment when he could not calm her mind, by reading a prayer, or a chapter in the Bible. At last a composing medicine took effect, and she fell into a deep sleep which lasted several hours. She waked free from pain, and her head perfectly clear. She asked for Sir William; and with her own sweet smile, and countenance which beamed more than earthly joy, she told him she was quite well, and would be taken up and carried into her dressing room. This was done; and though she appeared to be extremely weak, she continued free from pain, and able to converse with even more than her usual animation. In the evening she requested Sir William to read one of Hooker's Sermons, which concludes with these words:

"The earth may shake, the pillars of the world may tremble under us; the sun may lose his light, the moon her beauty, the stars their glory; but concerning the man that trusteth in God, if the fire have pro-

claimed itself unable so much as to singe a hair of his head; if lions, ravenous by nature and keen with hunger, being set to devour, have, as it were, religiously adored the faithful man,—what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him? If I be of this number, who shall make a separation between me and my God? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—No, I am persuaded that neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword, nor death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever so far prevail over me. I know in whom I have believed. I am not ignorant whose precious blood has been shed for me. I have a Shepherd full of kindness, full of care, and full of love. His own finger hath engraven this sentence on the tables of my heart,—'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not!'"*

* See Hooker's Works, p. 556.

CHAP. XXII.

"Go, gentle spirit, now supremely blest,
From scenes of pain, and struggling virtue go!
From thy immortal seat of heav'nly rest,
Behold us lingering in a world of woe!"
SARGENT.

"I THANK you, my dear Sir William," said Mrs. Heywood. "I inherit my dearest father's partiality for this excellent writer. He has been my comforter in many sorrows, and I knew he would be so now, when I most want it.—I have suffered much, and perhaps the pain may return; though I hope my strength is nearly exhausted."

"O my Matilda!—do you wish to leave me?"

"No, my dearest William. Had it been the will of Providence, I should have wished,—I had humbly hoped,—that I might have been happy with you a little longer. My best and dearest friend, this is not a time to disguise my feelings. Never, I believe, did any human being love with more ten-

derness than I have always felt—than I still feel—for you. Dear object of my highest admiration and esteem, of my everlasting gratitude! all the affections of a heart naturally tender have been fixed on you. Present or absent, your virtues were my pride, your happiness my fondest wish. When you thought me lost for ever, I was still listening with rapture to every voice which spoke your praise—still glorying in my choice—still rejoicing in the hope that in Heaven you would be mine!—Friend of my heart! do not suppose I *wish* to leave you; but indeed I have suffered much, and if I might presume to beg that those sufferings might not return;—but, O Father of mercies, not my will, but thine be done!"

Sir William tried in vain to speak; and the hand which he pressed to his lips was bathed with his tears.

"I have done wrong in thus distressing you, my best of friends; but I may not have another such sweet interval of ease. I meant to have employed it in giving you comfort; and I wished, though it is unnecessary, to recommend my poor Hannah

to your protection. She deserves every thing from me, and you know I have nothing of value to leave. Let her have a small sum which you will find in my bureau; but I must trust her future interests to your friendship. Thus in life and in death, my William, I must owe all to your bounty; and it is my pride and delight to do so."

"O my dearest friend! if I can know one moment of ease or comfort in this miserable world, it must be in fulfilling every wish of yours. Never shall your faithful servant know a sorrow which I can possibly remove."

"I know you too well to doubt it. But there is another legacy which I wish to mention to you, for it concerns the most precious treasure which I possess. Do you remember giving your picture to my father?"

"Oh yes; and I remember the transport I felt, when you said that you thought it a strong resemblance; for I hoped that my Matilda, as well as my dear and honoured friend, would sometimes look at it with pleasure."

"Here it is, and here it has been for nearly forty years. I was particularly fortunate in saving this, when I lost every thing else. Before we left England, my beloved father gave it to me, with some other things which he valued, to be carefully packed in his strong box. Perhaps I did not do quite right;—it was the only time that I ever disobeyed him, and I meant to restore it with the rest;—but the pleasure of possessing it for a few weeks tempted me to hang it on my bosom, instead of putting it into the box. At that most dreadful moment of my life, when I lost my father, this dear picture was not injured by the water. It was then all I had in the world, for every thing was lost; and in the agony I then felt, as soon as I was capable of thinking, it afforded me a degree of comfort which I cannot describe. From that hour to this it has always kept its place; and I believe I can venture to say, that, in all the years which have since elapsed, I have never closed my eyes to sleep, if I preserved the use of my reason, till I had looked at this dear image of Trelawney—till I had pressed it to my heart!—I can-

not part with it till that heart shall cease to beat; but when it shall be useless to me, give it to my dear Harry, who I trust will resemble you in mind, as he already does in person. Tell him to love it as I have done. Tell him to look at it every night; and, if his conduct through the day has been worthy of such a father, let him press it to his lips for his reward. If he ever should be so unhappy as to leave the path of duty, he will not dare to look on that dear face."

"My sweet enthusiast! How can I ever thank you as I ought? Oh what a treaure did I lose, when my cruel aunt forbade me to be yours!—My father would not have refused me;—I think he would not."

"Every thing, my dear Trelawney, is ordered by a power which human agents cannot control. Let us not look to second causes, but bless the kind though severe decree, which, by separating us on earth, has, I hope, made us more worthy to be for ever united in Heaven.—But, my William, I have one more request to make, and you must not refuse it."

"Never will I refuse any thing that you can ask."

"Promise me, then, that you will not suffer your noble mind to sink under affliction. Promise me, that you will not give up your usual occupations,—that you will not indulge solitary grief. Let our good friends be your constant guests in future. Mr. Hamilton will read and converse with you: his excellent wife will pay you many little attentions which are best understood by women: the lovely children will by degrees amuse you. Above all, do not give up your constant walks to the village, and your attention to your poor neighbours. The best cure, in all our sorrows, is to be found in endeavouring to remove the sorrows of our fellow creatures. — Sometimes, perhaps, you will walk to the Grove. Let me not increase the grief which I wish to soothe. My William, we have already known what it is to part. You have known what it is to think me dead; and, even in the violence of youthful passion, you bore it like a man and a Christian. Let me not find you more weak, when love is changed

to friendship, and when reason has conquered passion."

"O Matilda! that trial was nothing to this. Never were you half so dear to me as at this dreadful moment! I did not then know half your worth."

"My own heart teaches me to believe you; but we shall not be long parted. Yes,—go to the Grove, dear William, and let my image meet you there:—let it whisper peace to your affliction, and tell you we shall meet again!"

She was silent; but seeing him unable to speak, she pressed his hand, and said,—"May Heaven support and comfort you, best and dearest of friends!—I believe it is better for us both to seek repose. Ring the bell, my dearest William, and good night."

He threw himself at her feet, and tried in vain to speak: then hastily rising, he pressed her to his heart, and went to his own apartment, to seek relief in solitude and tears.

Mrs. Heywood passed the night without severe pain; but the agitation of her spirits prevented her rest till towards morning,

when she had some hours of sleep, and waked much refreshed.—It was Sunday, and she persuaded Sir William to go to church; from whence he was to return with Mr. Hamilton, who had promised to administer the sacrament to her. Accompanied by Sir William, Mrs. Hamilton, and her faithful Hannah, she performed this sacred duty, with the sweet serenity which religious exercises always produced in her pious and well regulated mind. Perfectly free from superstition, her religion was pure as that virtue of which it was the firm support. Happy in the fixed belief of a superintending Providence, in an unshaken faith in the great truths of Christianity, she trusted in a Saviour's merits, and prepared herself to suffer and to die for his sake who suffered and died for us all. She joined with pious earnestness, but with perfect composure, in a prayer which Mr. Hamilton, at her request, offered for up her support in the last dreadful trial; and when this awful ceremony was finished, she thanked him for all the comfort he had given her. Then, giving her hand to each of her weeping friends by turns, she expressed in the strongest terms

her gratitude for all their kind attention to her, and prayed God to bless them.

In the evening, after some hours of very sweet sleep, she sent for Sir William and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and conversed with much apparent pleasure. She led the discourse to the subjects which naturally occupied her thoughts; spoke of the comfort which religion affords in the last awful scene of our earthly existence; and led Mr. Hamilton to speak of those whom he had attended in their last moments. He knew her too well to wish to turn the discourse, but followed where she seemed desirous to lead him. He said, that, except in one or two cases, where constitutional melancholy or mistaken notions of religion produced a degree of insanity, he had never met with *one* sincere and humble Christian, who did not meet death with such firmness as led him to think, that, in that greatest of trials, those who looked up for protection to Him who has promised that he will never leave nor forsake us, did actually receive support, and were armed with fortitude far above their own powers of mind. Mrs. Heywood listened to many instances of

this kind, and seemed to receive particular pleasure from the conversation; till, at the hour when Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton usually took leave, she said to him,—"If you have no particular objection to it, my dear Sir, I wish you would sleep at Pen Tamar to-night."

"Are you worse?" eagerly exclaimed Sir William.

"Indeed I am not, my dear friend: on the contrary, I feel such an extraordinary degree of ease, that I cannot help flattering myself that I shall not again suffer as I have done."

"Your sufferings," said Mr. Hamilton, have indeed been great; but your patience has been much greater; and sufferings so supported, make you in my eyes an object of envy rather than of pity."

"I must have been most ungrateful to such friends as I am blessed with, if I had not been desirous to distress them as little as possible; and though pain is an evil, and a great one, yet it is less insupportable than it appears. There are always intervals of ease; and when it goes so far as to disorder the senses, or to produce convulsions, the

sense of it is lessened. In short, my good Mr. Hamilton, I feel the truth of what you have just said; and I know that our merciful Father will enable us to bear the trials which He is pleased to send."

"But, Matilda," said Sir William, "if if you are better, tell me, I entreat you, why you wish Mr. Hamilton to stay here to-night."

"Because, though you are worn out with watching, I cannot get you to allow yourself one quiet night: I sent you to bed yesterday; but I know you lay all night on the couch in the dressing-room, though there was not any reason for it. Now, as I am perfectly easy, and hope to sleep, I think, if Mr. Hamilton would be so good as to rest on that couch, and promise to call you if I should be worse, you could not refuse my request, and would go to your own apartment. See (added she with a smile), how I command every body in your house, like an impertinent old maid, as you were afraid I should do!"

Sir William, delighted to see her so cheerful, consented to her little arrangement; and, after desiring Mr. Hamilton to

read a prayer as usual, she was carried to her apartment, and soon fell into a sweet sleep.

Sir William passed some miserable hours; but, exhausted with fatigue, he had at last fallen into an uneasy slumber, when he was awakened by Mr. Hamilton; who, with all the tenderness so natural to his disposition, informed him that a change had taken place which made him think it necessary to send for the physician, and to perform the promise which he had exacted from him when he retired to rest. Sir William went with trembling agitation to the room; where he found Mrs. Heywood almost deprived of speech and motion, and with an expression of countenance, which those who have been accustomed to see it understand too well. It was, however, plain that she retained her senses, and that she knew him; for she felt for his hand, and when she had found it, he saw a faint smile, and heard the words, "Dear—dear—William!" Mr. Hamilton appeared on the other side of the bed. They thought she asked for prayers, and Mr. Hamilton began to read the usual prayer. She said,—"No, not

that." He then read the commendatory prayer. She tried to smile. Sir William knelt by the side of the bed, and held her hand. He felt it feebly press his own. The physician arrived; but nothing could be done. There was not the smallest appearance of pain or struggle; and once Sir William heard her say,—"Thank God—very happy!"—These were the last words she uttered, and in about an hour she ceased to breathe.

CHAP. XXIII.

"Still shall the tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
to bear!" BEATTIE.

HAVING now concluded the history of Matilda Heywood, may I be permitted to address a few words to those who have had the patience to read it, in order to explain the motives which have induced me to add one more to the long catalogue of novels? This explanation is usually given in a preface; but, as Voltaire justly observes, young ladies do not read prefaces; and to the young, as well as to the old, I wish to point out the moral of my tale. If it has awakened any interest, without the assistance of an elopement, a duel, a murder, or a ghost, I may venture to hope that the false taste, which too generally prevails at present, has not blunted the moral feelings in the minds of my readers; and curiosity being no longer fixed on the story, I will request their attention, while I explain the

principles on which it was written, and the effect which it was intended to produce.

No friend to religion and virtue can be an unconcerned spectator of the dangerous attacks to which they have of late been exposed, from the false principles inculcated in works of imagination; and particularly by the German poets and novelists, and their imitators in this country. Writers of this description call evil good, and good evil*; and we are led into an approbation of vice, because it is clothed

"In virtue's borrowed robe, and steals her title."†

The friends of morality are called upon to exert all their influence in opposing this dangerous corruption of the public taste; but this, I apprehend, will be most effectually done by interesting the imagination and feelings in the cause of truth and virtue. That this *may* be done, has been lately proved by some excellent publications, which have greatly contributed to check the progress of false principles; that

* See on this subject the admirable preface to The Progress of the Pilgrim Good Intent.

† Fatal Falsehood — a tragedy. By Mrs. H. More.

it *ought* to be done, will, I think, be allowed by all who consider the nature of the human mind, the reluctance with which we enter into cold inanimate discussions, and the eagerness and delight with which we follow every writer who interests the feelings and captivates the imagination.

Viewing the subject in this light, I was led to hope that I might do some little service to the cause of truth, by combating some popular prejudices, by enforcing some useful maxims, and illustrating them by example rather than by precept. In the little work, which I now venture to offer to the public, I have endeavoured to revive that respect for age, the want of which is, perhaps, one of the most striking proofs of the depravity of modern manners; and to combat an unreasonable and absurd prejudice, that has sometimes exposed virtuous and respectable characters to ridicule and contempt which they by no means deserve. At the same time I have pointed out the conduct by which age, even accompanied by poverty, deformity, and sickness, may still hope to secure that respect which ought always to be paid to virtue; and I

have endeavoured to reconcile both the young and the old to that period of human existence. I wish to convince them, that, in spite of the infirmities and sorrows which frequently attend it, "to the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward unto futurity with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal and ever-increasing favour." *

But the object which I had principally in view, when I drew the character of Matilda Heywood, was to show the effect of religious principles in producing that passive courage which is so necessary in our passage through this vale of tears. In doing this, I have ventured to differ from novel-

* See Father's Instructions, by the late Dr. Percival.

ists and moral writers in general; as, in defiance of what is commonly called poetical justice, I have not made worldly prosperity attend on virtue; but, on the contrary, have represented the life of my heroine as marked by very severe trials and sufferings. In doing this, I have endeavoured to avoid what I conceive to be a dangerous mistake, and to represent the world as it is; viz. a state of trial, and not of retribution. The moral which I wish to inculcate is, not that we must be virtuous, in order to be happy in *this* world, but that we must be virtuous, in spite of all the sufferings which can attend our progress through life, in order to be happy in *the next*. It is in this light that the Gospel represents the present state of trial. We are to take up the cross, and follow the great Captain of our salvation. Our life is represented as a combat, a warfare, a race; and all the hope, which is held out to the best of men, is, that they must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of heaven. The reason of this is obvious, and it is so freely expressed in a late excellent publication, that I cannot help borrowing the words of its lament

author:—"Passive virtues, of all others the severest, of all others perhaps the most acceptable to the Deity, would, it is evident, be excluded from a constitution in which happiness and misery should regularly follow virtue and vice. Patience and composure under distress, affliction, and pain; a steadfast keeping up of our confidence in God, and of our reliance on his final goodness, at the time when every thing present is adverse and discouraging; and (what is no less difficult to retain) a cordial desire for the happiness of others, even when we are deprived of our own; these dispositions, which constitute, perhaps, the perfection of our moral nature, would not have found their proper office and object in a state of avowed retribution."*

But, if Christianity does not promise us the enjoyment of worldly prosperity, it promises that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Are virtue's prize!" †

* Paley's Elements of Natural Theology.

† Pope's Essay on Man.

If religion does not give a man wealth, it makes him contented without it. If it does not enable him to do what he likes, it enables him to like what it is his duty to do. When our hopes and wishes are fixed where true joys are to be found; when we are convinced that we were sent into this world in order to prepare for a better; when we know and feel that "the best of men may be made better by affliction, and that if we could propose the question to those saints in heaven who were once destitute, afflicted, tormented,—they would tell us that they do not now wish it to have been otherwise*,"—we shall then give up the vain hope that we can escape from sufferings; but we shall suffer, not with patience only, but with joy!

I will sum up the whole in the words of a writer, whose life and death afforded the most convincing proof that her principles were founded on that rock, against which the storms of adversity must for ever beat in vain.†

* Horne's Sermons.

† See Poems and Essays, by the late Miss Bowdler.

"Religion cannot prevent losses and disappointments, pain and sorrow; for to these in this imperfect state we must be liable; nor does it require us to be insensible to them, for that would be impossible; but in the midst of all, and even when all earthly pleasures fail, it commands, it instructs, it enables us—to be happy."

THE END.

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